

HOLY
HAPPY
LAUGHING

Golden Harvest!

SPECIAL
WAR CRY
NEXT WEEK

WAR



CRY

AND OFFICIAL

GAZETTE OF THE

SALVATION

ARMY IN

CANADA

AND

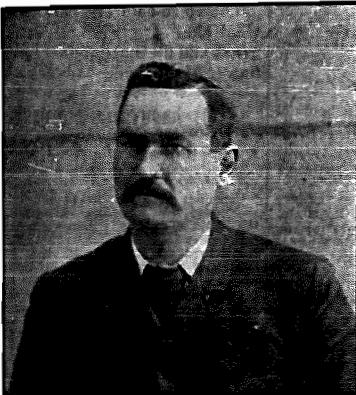
NEWFOUNDLAND.

VOL. X. NO. 47. [General of the B. A. Men throughout the world.] TORONTO, AUGUST 25, 1894. [REVEREND H. BOOTH, [Commander for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.

MRS. BOOTH'S CAMPAIGNING TRIUMPHS

IN THE

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.



THE ACTING MAYOR OF GALT

(Who read the address of welcome to Mrs. Booth.)

It is always pleasant to chronicle victories, and truly we have so many victories that we positively have no space for mentioning defeats when they do occur, and no great army ever did advance without some losses. To revert to the victories, however, London, Galt, and Berlin, have each been the scene of highly successful campaigns; the general public, as well as our own valued rank and file have been interested and enthusiastic in each of the cities mentioned, public men have signified their approval of the Army and its leaders, and God's blessing has been manifested distinctly.

to see that for which the Army chiefly exists accomplished in it—the salvation of hundreds, nay, thousands of souls.

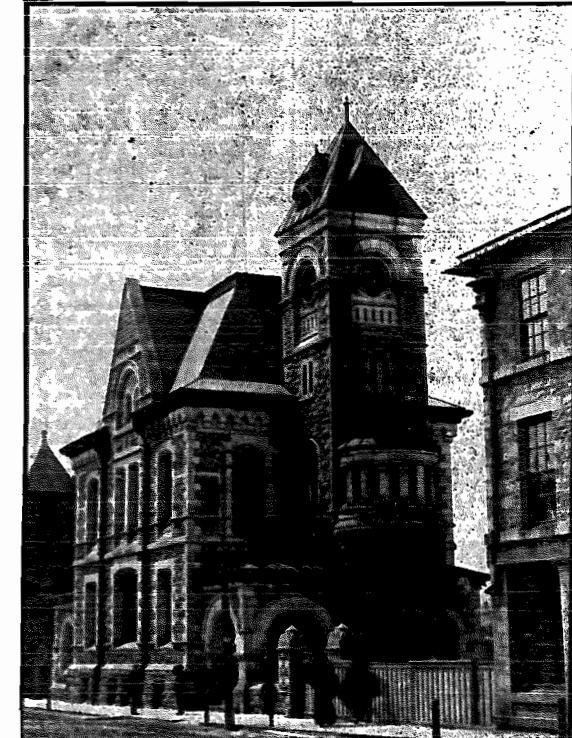
Dear Mrs. Booth has come and gone. Her visit has been like the sudden descent of some angelic being with sweet songs, cheering smiles, kind words, faithful warnings, and inspiring presence. Her words and songs are still ringing in our ears. Neither do we wish to shake them off: they are profitable for contemplation.

Who can tell the value Mrs. Booth is to the war! She is all on the platform, as is evidenced by the universal verdict of those who listened to her in London this last week end. But it is at home where you find Mrs. Booth's true value.

At the time of writing Stratford, Strathroy, and Petrolia await their turn for a visit from Mrs. Booth, and faith runs high for very glorious times.

Brigadier Margetta speaking on the affairs of his Province, says:

It is an accomplished fact. It has been on the boards for a long time. True, however, to the proverb, "All things come round to those who wait," the London comrades are now in possession of their own hall. 'Tis a dandy. "I like it immensely," was the expression of not a few. I am of the same sentiment, and am believing



THE POST OFFICE, GALT.

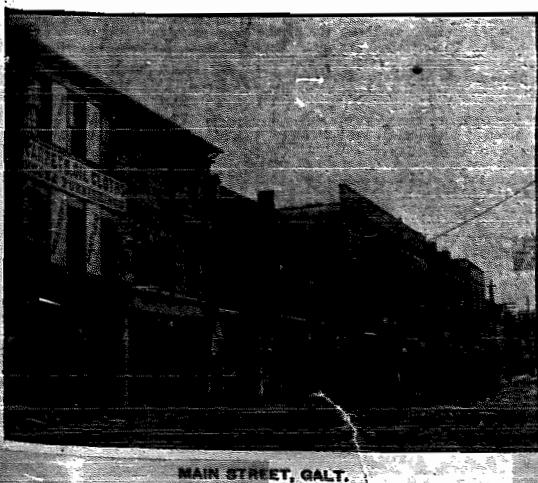
If the friends who entertain Mrs. Booth as she rushes from corps to corps receive through her one-third of the cheer, comfort, inspiration, and blessing we did at our house they will all join as heartily as we do in praying, "God bless Mrs. Booth and the Commandant, too, for bringing her to Canada."

"Why did you come to the meetings to criticize?" asked a lady of a gentleman who attended Mrs. Booth's meetings. "Criticism indeed," was the reply, "all the criticism I could do was with my eyes, as they were quite wet." Many others felt like this gentleman, if I am any judge. The souls rescued; the \$400 raised; the crowded and enthusiastic meetings, and the blessings given vent to in smiles and tears, are all evidences that God is with us and sealing the ministry of His handmaid in a practical form.

Now Stratford, Stratford, and Petrolia, you know what to expect in Mrs. Booth. You won't be disappointed. Make the most of her visit, mind. God bless you.

HARVEST FESTIVAL.—The rumbling of the wheels of the great Harvest Festival chariot are beginning to loudly murmur. This Harvest Festival scheme is one of the M. D.'s of the Salvation Army, who goes round

feeling the pulses, looking at the tongues and finding out who amongst us is really in sound loyal and healthy sympathy with the dear old imperial flag of blood and fire. It is a keen discerner of the



MAIN STREET, GALT.



CAPT. RUTLEDGE

(The successful organizer of the Oak Campaign.)

real amount of true interest in the concern as a whole we undoubtedly possess. How much interest have you, my comrade? Methinks your true answer will be given in the target you raise and hit. That's practical, is it not?

(Continued on page 4.)

A WALK IN THE HARVEST FIELD

With the Saved Farmer.

This is a field of oats, very much better than the average crop of that grain in the country this present season.

We had a long spell of wet weather, a short time after the seed was committed to the ground, and then before harvest we had just as long a season of dry weather, so that altogether the climatic conditions were not very favorable. However, God has blessed us, and we have a better crop than we have had for years. And while we remember with gratitude God's goodness to us, I think of the fact that perhaps no one is so truly a co-worker with God as the saved sanctified farmer.

While I give God all the glory and praise for this good crop, I remember that I gave more than ordinary attention to

The Preparation of the Soil.

Last fall we ploughed the ground twice and worked it up good, and then again in the spring it was cultivated with the most improved cultivator, and the seed put in in good condition, and on a portion of the field which got a dressing of salt the straw was much brighter and better, and of course the grain better developed.

So you see I did my part in preparing the soil, etc., but you will easily perceive how little that would have amounted to if God, the great Husbandman, had not sent His rain and sunshine.

Well, have I not proved to you that I am a co-worker with God in producing a crop of oats? The more care, and work, and intelligence that I can bring to bear on the preparation of the soil just so much the more the good Lord will bless me. Solomon says "in all (well directed) labor there is profit." I have put the "well direc'd" in myself, because I know from the teaching of God's Holy Spirit that that is what Solomon meant. There are many people too much afraid of

A Little Extra Labor

and they never get any extra blessing.

For you must know that natural law holds good in the spiritual world. I have proved this truth richly in my own experience. As I have gained more knowledge and experience in agricultural matters I have found it best to give up old methods and to adopt new ones, and often found it paid to discard and lay aside old machinery for new and improved implements and machines.

I was, as one of my countrymen remarked of himself, brought up on oatmeal, and the Confession of Faith, but a good many years ago I was afflicted with dyspepsia and it had got such a hold on me that it was thought I would not get better. The first doctor I co-susted told me to continue taking oatmeal porridge and milk, it was the best food I could take, but as I got no better under that medical gentleman's treatment, I picked up stakes and went home to Scotland and calling on a medical friend in my native place, laid my case before him, telling him how I had been living.

After listening to my recital, the first remark he made was this, "You must

Eat No More Porridge."

"Why, how is this, Doctor?" I asked him, "I always understood that porridge was very nourishing." "That is all right," he replied, "but the nourishment is not in the particular form that your stomach requires it, therefore you must not eat it." So I very reluctantly gave up my national food and soon found out that it was just true what the doctor told me, for I continued to gain in strength every day until I got quite well. And I gave up a very formal and ceremonial religious service for the same reason. The nourishment might be all right, but was not in the form that my soul required, and I have gone on from strength unto strength, perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord. On the farm I am every day seeing where I have made mistakes in the past, but I don't repeat these. I go and do better, and seine.

Every Honest Opportunity

of making the farm better and raising better crops. Are we not commanded to be "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord?"

So it is in spiritual matters, I am trying to carry out the advice given me by Commissioner Coombs a good many years ago: "Follow God at all costs." And it is good advice for any one. I was trying to impress it upon a young man, and he told me that he understood it would cost too much, so I told him he was a wise man.

A terrible choice, was it not; to choose his aristocratic friends and reject God?

Well, I am thankful I have lost many of my aristocratic friends, to tell you the truth I am much better without them, and then I have God's Spirit with me all the time.

A well-known authority in agricultural matters once wrote that it is only extravagance that pays, and so I think it is in spiritual matters as well. It is only what many of those who were once my friends would call my

Extravagant Ideas

and ways about religion that have paid me. And I am quite content to go on in the way that God shall lead me, bearing His cross and despising the shame.

And now, my dear reader, how is it with you? What kind of a crop have you been reaping? God's Word says that you reap (remember it does not say but it is **SEAL**) what you have sown.

Then what will your harvest be?

Look around on this field of oats, there are no weeds in it, all good grain. On some farms I have seen what is known as "Wild oats" and they are one of the worst pests that farmers have to contend with. Their nature and ways are such that the grain commences to drop off before it is ripe, and it sinks into the ground again to spring up next season, a greater annoyance than ever. Some farmers don't know them until they learn by bitter experience. I would know one kind of them in a field of grain as far as my eye could see it. Have you, my dear reader, been sowing any wild oats? Oh, it is a poor crop to raise; you never reap any benefit from it; but instead, you surely sow the seeds of disease and misery and eternal death. Look into your own heart and see what it is like; what kind of crop are you raising?

You Cannot Stand Neutral.

you are either raising fruit unto everlasting life, or you are raising a crop for the worm that never dieth and fad for the fire that is never quenched. If you feel that you are wrong, come to my Saviour now. Why will you delay any longer? Think how good God is. He sends His rain on the just and on the unjust. He has not rewarded you as you deserved, and He gave His Son to die for you that you might have life eternal. I have come to this same Saviour and He has indeed blessed me. He has blotted out all the past sin, and has taken away my old evil heart and all my wild oats; and everything else, and given me a heart of love to serve and praise Him, and He will do the same for you, if you will only trust Him, and give your all to Him. My own personal experience is this, "That it is a good thing to serve the Lord."

Come to this fountain so rich and sweet,
Cott the poor soul at the Saviour's feet;
Plunge in deep, and be made complete,
Glory to His name.

Now, my dear friend, if you will only come to God and let the good seed of the Kingdom be planted in your soul and let it spring up and bring forth fruit unto everlasting life, then you will prove that I am a co-worker with God. I have no personal end in view, simply your own good and God's glory. Come with us and then we can all sing together

Glory to His name, precious name,
Glory to His name, precious name,
How to my heart is the blood applied,
Glory to His name. *Amen.*

Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim, whose glorious beauty is a fading flower which is on the head of the fat valleys of them that are overcome with wine.—*Isaiah xxviii. 1.*

A FOREIGN missionary lady recently told of a lady who, on a school teacher's salary of a thousand a year, lived on five hundred dollars and supported a substitute for five hundred dollars in China. She then felt that she was really two persons and carried out her lifelong devoted desire to be a foreign missionary. She received a letter every week from her substitute, prayed for her by name every day, and realized the truth of what a friend of hers had said, namely: "This school teacher serves the Lord twenty-four hours a day, and then practically lives the life of the saint who serves Him day and night, as the Bible says, for at the antipodes her substitute missionary is working while she sleeps." The same lady told of fifty working girls in a local branch of the Y. W. C. A. who had decided that they would have a substitute in foreign lands. Each took a collection card, each gave two cents a Sunday and got nine friends to do the same, when behold! they had five hundred dollars. —*Montreal Witness.*

Will You Be a Soul-Winner?

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN SHARP.

Thanks be unto God for His Unspeakeable Gift.—2 Cor. ix. 15.

In this text we learn that the Apostle Paul is very thankful to God for the gift he has received. He is not ashamed to confess that he has received it from the Lord, and trying to find words to express its value, he fails; but tells us that it is an unspeakable gift.

Now, we are all, more or less, glad to receive some gifts from our friends. I have no doubt but that among my readers, if the truth were known, there is some one whose birthday takes place this week. You have counted over the number of gifts you have received in the past years, and now that another birthday has come round, you look forward with expectation to receive another gift. If your friends do not send you any you will be greatly disappointed. The gifts that we receive from our friends are often of no more use to us than for an ornament, a thing of beauty; but the gifts that we receive from God are of great value, for they help us to live more godly and become more useful in the Master's vineyard. Let us now turn our attention to the gift that Paul is thanking God for.

First, there is the gift; second, the value of it; third, Paul thanks the giver.

What kind of a gift is it that Paul received that made him so happy, was it

A Fortune in Gold?

or was it a great estate with a beautiful house on it where he could spend the rest of his life in comfort?

No, it was nothing less than God's only Son—this is the best gift that you could give unto man.

When you send a gift to those you love you try to get a good article, no matter what sacrifice it costs you to get it; you love the person, and therefore the sacrifice that you have made in order to get the gift brings more joy to your heart.

God so loves the world that He withheld not His own Son, but freely gave Him up for the world's salvation.

Have you received this gift from God? Do you rejoice in the fact that the gift is yours?

If not, accept it now, for now He waits to give it to you. The gift of God is eternal life. Life is more precious to you than wealth or this world, therefore receive it now.

The gift becomes precious to us according to its value; if we find that the gift has to deny him or herself in order to give us such a precious gift, we love the gift; but we love the givers far more. If a man gave you \$10 out of ten millions that he had, you thank him for it, but you may be could well afford it, but if another only gave you one dollar and you learned that it was the only one he had, and in order to give you that dollar he had to deny himself,

You Would Prize the One Dollar

more than you would the ten, and your heart goes out more to the one that gave you the one than to the other who gave you the ten. So when we learn that God gave His only Son as a gift, and His well-beloved at that, the gift becomes far more precious, and we prize the gift and worship the giver saying with Paul, thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift. Failing to find words to express our feelings to the giver for the pearl of great price we fall down and worship Him.

In the third place, we thank the giver for the gift. Paul received the gift. He fancied it was a gift of great price, and he did not forget to thank the giver for it. This he does by saying thanks with a thankful heart.

Now, my comrades, you state that you have received this gift also; you love the gift and you are not ashamed to tell the world that you have received it. You would lose all before you would lose this gift, yes, you would rather die first; this is your love for Jesus Who is the gift. But have you ever thanked the Giver for that great gift. Perhaps you say, how can I thank the Lord for this precious gift? Why? Just imitate Christ. Paul did this: He gave his all.

A Living Sacrifice.

God accepted it and came, and took possession of his heart; he thus became the temple of God. God gave His all for you, will you give your all for God, your master, your wealth, your health? Your body belongs to God, will you let Him have it? Your gifts, your talents, all His. He has given them to you to be used to His dormitory, stir up the midnight oil that is in you, stir it up, turn it over and over again. Husband, give your wife up, don't hold her back. Wife, give your husband up, God can take care of your husband. Father,

mother, give your son or daughter up, give them to God, they want to go to heaven, saviors of men. Let them go, why hold on to them? God withheld not His own Son. Some of you have three or four, they are all saved, yet you say you cannot spare them; if that is true, then you don't love God, nor yet than Him for the gift He has given you. If it means self-sacrifice and self-denial on your part, then God will love you all the more.

Young man, you are in the band, or you are a sergeant, you abhor every meeting you can go to, but God wants you all. You say, "What more can I do? I attend the meetings, I speak, sing, pray, I try to get souls saved. This is all I can do."

Give yourself up to God for

The Salvation of the World.

let your friends go, let your business go, lose your own life and gain life eternal, come and be a soul-winner, offer yourself for the work. You have been thinking about this for a long time, do it now. Oh, the joy that comes to the soul-winner, will you be one? This is the one real life.

You love the gift, you love the givers, then I say send in your application at once for the work. Do it while God is speaking to you and you will never regret the step you take.

The voice said cry, and he said what shall I cry? All flesh is grass and all the godliness as the flower of the field.—*Isaiah xi. 6.*

A BIT ABOUT THE BIG DRUM.

A Little Girl at a Big Job—Woman Rights.

Captain is doing her best to teach us she knows how. The first Saturday night the drummer was gone; there was no one to take it out on the march. We all sit; I rather hard to go without it. Now I am small and very weak, only a child at my Master's feet, so I thought if I could only myself I felt quite sure that God would help the weak ones. So into the holding of that big drum I got, hooked it on and away we went, twenty-five strong. *Samson's hill?*

"Captain, was not that hard going up hill?"

Reply, "Yes, a little hard, for the wind was against us."

This came to my mind while writing right up that hill.

How much it was like some Christians in name, who have never had the sheep-sheep cut; often more inclined to stay under the hill, or on the side, than they are to mount ever. Those that have got all the strength out of me say it's grand to have a good walk up in deep water; there's no rock or quicksand to hurt the timbers nor the planks. I don't feel one shore-line around me anywhere, they are all out with the help of safety knife. Out in deep water; lots of room to swim; never run on a rock, a dead-bank; the vessel is small and weak, but she will stand a few more storms.

After twelve months and a few weeks fighting in this little pl-ee I received orders to farewell and go to Old Puritan. While looking over the past year's fighting in Selly Cove corps many had been the times ten which have fell from the writer's eye, only one by Jesus, and He known, bls his name! He has helped us to live so well I am not ashamed of my life, both with our mates and friends. I can say with Paul, "I have done what I could." So I say goodbye, Selly Cove corps; good-bye friend; good-bye, poor sinners; have asked you to come. "God bless and save you every one" is the prayer of one who loves you every one.

Captain, ENGLAND

Neither say they in their hearts, Let us fear the Lord our God who giveth rain, both the former and the latter in his season; He reserveth unto us the appointed weeks of harvest.

KINMOUNT.

VICTORY, VICTORY, VICTORY!—We are victorious in our meetings, and ten thousand names to the Blood Sunday night. The soldiers are rejoicing all around the camp every day and believing for conquest. Lieutenant M. McClenaghan, Lieutenant M. Macmillan.

STAPLES.

GLORIOUS VICTORY—Twelve Officers in a Few Meetings.—We thank as we are having God glorifying these men, and we are told that we have had, seventeen days out, twelve for salvation and four for sanctification. Wonderful! We know that victory is upon the people. We know that there is more victory for our Lord Jesus Christ. Stow, Supply.



CHORUS OF DRUNKS.—"General Booth lands at St. Johns, Newfoundland, September 18th. He's our friend. Let's write to the Captain of the Army for a free ticket."

In and Around Muskoka.

Salvationists never can tell where the demands of the war will take them, and this like, do Brett proved, for after having bagged about ready for Jordan, she had to take the Northern train for Bracebridge, and was really going to the beautiful, healthy Muskoka district.

She arrived at 3 a.m., amid rain, thunder, and lightning, but was soon welcomed by Mrs. Ensign Dowell and Lieut. Barker. They have got on well since the Ensign's absence. By and by, Mrs. Dowell is full of smiles and a little excited, for now she has welcomed back the Ensign from England, and will be very glad for him to take hold of the reins.

How enjoyable that banana social was, and how pleasant to sit under the trees, on an elevated spot in the park, kindly lent for the occasion, shaded from the scorching sun and partaking of the good things, everyone trying to make each other happy! They had worked so hard over it, but their labor was not in vain, for it was a big success. The Lieutenant scoured the town for tables and chairs, and while out with her one afternoon she pointed to a house a little away in the bush, where she had got a donation, also to a room at the top of an hotel that she had to rent, but came not away empty. Hallelujah!

We had a good meeting at night, also Saturday night, when Mrs. de Barritt gave a little of her experience in South America, and tried to teach us a Spanish chorus. Mr. Barker, the printer, very kindly printed a few lines for this meeting. God bless him! Since our last report we have had souls and we still go in for greater victory.—Lieutenant BARKER.

ORILLIA.

We had beautiful meetings all day Sunday, and at the close of our evening meeting three dear sisters came to the Savoyard and presented their all upon Him. Our prayer is that they may be true soldiers of Jesus. And then the following Thursday night was the time. Captain had announced a great great representative meeting when every soldier represented their trade. The march was very attractive, and seemed to draw the people's attention very much. There was a large crowd listened to the open-air, and the meeting in the tent, how shall I describe it? There was a large crowd came with us to the meeting inside. It was something grand! The people seemed to sit spell-bound and listen. Our Indian comrades from Rama were with us; they were dressed in real Indian style. Their singing was lovely. God bless our Indian comrades! On the following night another dear soul came to Christ, making four for the week.—Captain MARY Weston for Captain Max. Miller.

Brainerd soldiers have some blood-and-spirit, and Captain Merle did his best to make things go. We had two big drums, one drum, two cornets, not forgetting Bro. Gifford's concertina, and this, with the singing, brought the people out. We had a beautiful, lively time inside, with a goodly, appreciative gathering. We wondered if cents and dollars were more plentiful up here than in Toronto, for we were again struck at the ready response of the people and the quick way they lightened their pockets.

We quite enjoyed the soldiers' testimonies, and Mrs. de Barritt again spoke on South Africa, then reading of the separation of Letitia Abram, and making an appeal to make, incite, and stir. We had a good time, and at the close she brought before the audience our little scheme in connection with our work of work. This they heartily took hold of, one brother starting with twenty-five cents, and the Captain meant them many thanks to set it afloat.

In the evening Father Brown drove us out to see the most where our salvation army will stand. "This is a grand scheme of the Commandant's, and I believe it will be the most successful. Who knows in this world to see but what we shall have a salvation army out there; a big, flourishing, force of which our present one is only a miniature."

After accepting our dear Sister Brown's

kindness, and some prayer, we hurried back to catch the train for Gravenhurst, for the night meeting. Considering this was the night for the purchases we had a fair meeting. Captain Stilgoe and Lieutenant Legge were very here bravely. God bless our girls who so nobly stand the storm!

On the morrow Muskoka will be left behind for a Sunday with our Ensign comrades.

ANNA.

Bracebridge.—Sunday's meetings. Hell-noon meeting very good. Closed the meeting with two souls seeking God. In the afternoon we went to the park, the weather being fine. We had a good time.

At night, Mrs. de Barritt to the front, but owing to the intense heat the crowd was rather small, but we had a real good spiritual time.

Mrs. de Barritt has been stopping with us for a short time, and her stay has been a real help and blessing to us all. May God abundantly bless her in all her work for Him!

Since our last report we have had souls and we still go in for greater victory.—Lieutenant BARKER.

"Gin and Money."—"SEE DIED AS SHE LIVED."—"WHAT ABOUT THE MAN WHO SOLD THE DRINK?"—"Gin and money is what I want. I sold it before I came in—I was in before for sixty days for selling—and when I get out I'll sell it again." So said a poor fallen woman, put in jail for selling liquor. It is known that though they are not "banned to sell," there's lots of it sold.

Captain A. had visited her hoping to bring her to repentance. Other officers had tried it too, but so far unsuccessfully.

"You can't get away from this life," said the Captain.

"I don't believe God will send my soul to hell. I have hell enough in this world."

Our friends tried to show her it was her sins made her hell, but she didn't consider it the Captain's business to come and talk like that—it wasn't a woman's place, she had her own preacher, and so on.

A few months after, hearing of her illness, the Captain and a comrade visited her again.

"Do you suffer much pain?" she was asked.

"No," was the reply.

"How about your soul, that's not right, is it?" said the Captain, and turning to his comrade added, "A poor time now to think about it."

"That's true," said the poor dying one, and became unconscious, she didn't even understand why they prayed before leaving. A few days afterwards she died as she had lived.

The papers had it: "The notorious Mrs. —— died at her residence," at such a date.

Once she was a good, pure woman, had a good husband and home; drank was her curse. She went from one thing to another, was divorced, sold herself to another man.

"Gin and money" was what she wanted. She got it. Judge for yourselves if it paid. —E.E.B.

At Tilsit, Germany, Staff Captain Junker has done well. Some 350 persons attended one of his recent meetings, including ten recruits. Several soldiers were sworn in.

The work in Germany goes on apace. At the Ascension Day gatherings various corps went into the forests round about the towns and held successful open-air meetings.

A METHODIST CO-HEIR WITH JESUS BOOMS THE "CRY."

"Why Do You Sell the "War Cry"?"

Is a question very often put to me. Yet I fail to see that the fact of a Methodist "peddling" WAR CRY should call forth such a query. I think it a matter of great importance that more members of every church do not sell them.

Well, first, I have promised God obedience; next, realising my co-heirship with Jesus to the Kingdom of God, it is my business to advance the interests of His Kingdom, because it is my Kingdom, too. I am a joint-heir with Jesus.

Again, I do it because just now it is the only thing I can do to help my brothers and sisters in the front of the fight against the hosts of evil. Jesus didn't say Mary had done a great many things, or anything wonderful, but "she hath done what she could."

Truth: I believe the hosts of heaven are watching and learning of the working of the will of God in me, learning to "know of His manifold wisdom, according to the eternal purpose which He purposed in Christ Jesus." That I may be "filled with the fulness of God." (Eph. iii. 10, 11 and 19.)

Reader, are you doing what you can? If you are a believer in Jesus, and are sitting at ease in Zion, waken up, and making big strides, follow the Son of God and help to bring in His Kingdom. No matter whether you are a Salvationist or a church member, you are responsible, not only for the privileges that you do possess, but also for those privileges that you might have.

You, who are still unmoved, have you ever thought that God has need of your help, your work? God is stuck for men and women to help Him bring in the reign of truth, and peace, and righteousness. No matter how black your past may be, leave it, look forward, and at Jesus' feet make a start for your share in His Kingdom. Remember Jesus said, "To whom much is forgiven, the same man (or woman) loveth much," and also willingly worketh much, for their labor is prompted by love.

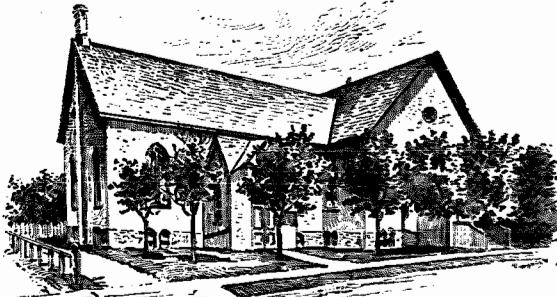
Come, all of you, and join the ranks of those of whom He will say at the last, "My Father, these have done what they could."

J. M. B.

BRIDGEWATER.

Various.—We are still pressing on here. On Tuesday night, Ensign Alward, also Captain W. Gifford, Lieutenant Hart, and two soldiers from Lichtenburg, enlarged our little platform. The meeting was grand, condition was full, and though no visible results yet we know God is at work, and when we are sure to be sure. After Ensign having a little confidential, and not a bit out of the way chat with some of the soldiers, our visitors left as for Lichtenburg. The Lord bless the Ensign and the Bridgewater soldiers.—KATHY TONK.

St. John V. Training Home.—I am well and strong, having the victory over the devil. God has been blessing me much. We



The Church, at Berlin, kindly loaned us for Mrs. Booth's Meeting.

Three things I want to say re Harvest Festival:

I. **PREPARE FOR IT.** Arrange to give all the time you can in collecting and canvassing for the scheme. Timely arrangement of household and other matters will make a big difference to the amount you are able to do. Prepare your plans. Think them over by day, ponder and dream over them by night. Make up your mind to do something fresh—to have "a new thing under the sun." Take the matter to heart as though your life depended upon it. Prepare at once. Divide your forces. Twill be here in a few days. Get ready.

II. **SET A GOOD TARGET.** Don't be afraid to make a venture. You will never swim unless you do. You can but sink, anyway, and you surely do that if you do nothing. Launch out and go for a good thing. Commit yourself to the doing of what you aim at. Make up your mind that it has to be done. Yourself is the greatest difficulty you'll have. Conquer it, and you'll conquer all the rest.

III. **DO WHAT YOU DO FOR JESUS' SAKE.** Talk to the Master about it. Tell Him you are now going to show Him how much you love His Kingdom. Pray about it. Ask Him where He would like to see your corps and West Ontario Province amongst the Harvest Festival competitors. Make it a means of grace to your soul. You'll do well if you do. I have no fear of the results if you'll do this. I'm doing it and am getting blessed already.

Three seekers for the blessing crowned our visit to Stratford on August the first.

Pray for Mrs. Capt. Richardson, who has just undergone a critical operation with her throat.

Berlin followed. Had a good meeting. Went on to Guelph. Mrs. Margette joined us here. Had a tough tussle with the devil. Got the victory. Four seekers at the close, three of them colored sisters who, with "Auntie," got the glory. Tearing the feathers from her

BECKIE BRANIGAN.

hat, while the tears of holy joy ran down her face; the elder one did a kind of circle dance, exclaiming, "I don't want them any more." "I've done with the devil's trash." "Bless the Lord." "Never no more," "I've got what I wanted," "Bless the Lord."

Galt for Saturday and Sunday. "I went to the doctor, who told me I must use tobacco, and gave me a certificate to that effect, which is now in my pocket." "That was my excuse, but I have now found that Jesus Christ can do for me more than the tobacco—which is all gone—could do," was one testimony. One from temper, "two from tobacco, in particular, and other things in general, were amongst those five who sought reconciliation at the Master's feet for the day. Mrs. Booth arrives to-night, about which you shall hear later on."

The officers at Galt, Listowel, Essex, Comber and Paris are farewelling on the 16th. Ensign Gale, of Woodstock, has the Ward System going well.

"UNITED WE STAND."

Soldiers' Meeting at Temple.

However good our present may be, there is surely no harm but a great amount of good to be got by an examination and a proper estimation of opportunities given and accepted.

Such were the few hours spent together on Thursday night with our beloved Provincial Officer.

The Brigadier prefaced his remarks by a few comparisons, showing how easy, yet how hard, it is to double and even treble our present opportunities. For instance:

WAR CRY circulation, 3,838 copies. If each soldier took one we should dispose of half this number; if two were taken we could get rid of the whole without any sales in or outside the barracks.

Our present income could be sustained if each soldier gave on the average twenty-five cents per week, without the aid of friends, who would be pleased to give the same amount, thus relieving the captain and financial officers of so much responsibility and anxiety.

Knock-drill attendance. Monthly average 200, showing that only a seventh of our soldiers were present, whereas, if each soldier had denied himself but twice during the month, there would have been 3,104 present.

Open-air attendance. If each soldier went to the open-air twice on Sunday and twice during the week, "we should have a total of 4,700 persons proclaiming the glad tidings of God's love."

Many other interesting matters were gone into. But so much for figures, now to the moral side of the meeting.

Why do not our soldiers attend open-air, knock-drill, and prayer meeting more than they do? God is state-allowing, of course, for there where circumstances really forbid, it is on account of a lack of true conviction. The essence of Christianity is self-denial. The service of a Salvation Army soldier calls for self-denial, and if that spirit is lacking the service is accordingly imperfect.

This lack of self-denial has brought about a terrible state of affairs in the WAR CRY sales, the work of selling the CRY falling upon the officers. The local officers come short in the exhibition of this spirit, becoming mere office-holders, and not the foremost workers in our ranks, as they should be. There are too many drones. Oh, for workers, real workers!

Sunday does not commence with some until the afternoon. Why should God be de-

ferred? He is the same on Sunday as on Saturday.

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THE HARVEST
FESTIVAL LAST YEAR,
"WHICH SIDE
WILL YOU BE ON?"



The Harvest Festival Rage

WHO TOPS THE LADDER?

A Challenge from Ottawa.

A BOLD STATEMENT.

Hit the Ball's-Eye.

Harvest Festival in full swing. Who will top the ladder? Hero comes a challenge from Ottawa. Who dares to take it up? Will Montreal? We shall see. What about Ensign McDonald and Dad Green at Peterborough?

We are in full swing with the Harvest Festival. East Ontario and Quebec Province to the front. Targets and letters have been despatched to others.

Ensign Coombs writes to say that he is giving to have the best decorated barracks in the Dominion. Here is a challenge. Well done, Ensign!

There is no reason why every barracks should not be tastefully decorated; this will draw the crowd. Some people think boys are too clumsy and not adapted for such work as this, but let all such, once and forever, hold their peace after the declaration from Ensign Coombs. Surely there is some lady officer who can take up the challenge? Why not?

Ensign Coombs has a janitor who will have no stone unturned to have the barracks fixed up. Al. I should not be surprised if he does not run Ottawa pretty close. Then what about Montreal, with the barracks newly painted and decorated, I would not wonder but what they will take the prize. Remember, these are all large places. What about the others? I will guarantee some of these places are going to knock some big ones in the shade.

I wonder where Adjutant Nixon will appear, also Captain Winchard, Knowlton,

Getable, and others too numerous to mention.

No one will deny that a barracks well decorated is appreciated by everybody. There is plenty of stuff in the country. If you are too proud to seek for it the chances are you will never get it. Ask and ye shall receive.

TARGETS.

Said one officer the other day: "Do not put us too high, Brigadier." I have been wondering whether I have gone high enough. If so be that I am under the calculations of any command, I most humbly apologize. Some corps did nobly last year, while others omitted the scheme entirely. This will not be the case in '94. The cry is "All hands to the front." Every corps can do their part.

Brigades, outposts, and every place can be worked for the success of this scheme. We take corn, wheat, potatoes, turnips, apples, dry goods, hardware, tea, groceries, and everything which can be brought into use for the glory of God and the extension of the War.

MARK YOU,

for the glory of God and His work. Who feels ashamed to beg for this? Surely no one in East Ontario Province.

Thousands have benefited through the Salvation Army. Ask them for a donation.

LAST YEAR.

Here are a few figures of what was done last year and in 1892.

Peterboro' raised \$5C against \$15.75 the year previous. Well done!

Montreal I raised \$40. It was their first attempt at Harvest Festival. We shall jump over this by a long chalk this year.

Brookville raised \$16.62, while Napaneo did \$49; Campbellford going in with a grand total of \$36.

Kinceton topped the mark by clapping \$17.09 down. "Three cheers!"

Ottawa hit the mark at \$71, over against \$37 the previous year. Excellent!

Gananoque dropped out altogether, while the year previous they raised \$15.06.

Cochrane did \$17.71. Well done, Cochrane!

Norwood raised \$15, while Cobourg did \$5, and their neighbor, Port Hope, \$4.15, which was nearly \$7 less than 1892.

Millbrook did \$10, while Sherbrooke hit the ball's-eye at \$18. Hurrah!

Odessa cleared the decks at \$12.12, while Mexville did \$13.

Gowlland did \$49.75, Athens \$5.50.

Huntingdon putting down \$9.50 against \$20 the year previous.

Montreal II, turned the corner at \$8. Prescott sending in \$2.77, nearly \$13 less than '92, and so on other corps contributed, and they, with the rest, will have their chance of distinguishing themselves in '94.

THE GENERAL'S VISIT.

Now, dear comrades, we want to be in a position to present to our worthy General a creditable account. The field is before you, the work in your hands, and you can aim at this. I thoroughly believe it will be the grandest success on record.

I feel the Salvation Army can do anything they set their minds to, and as part and parcel of the whole concern, surely you will see that your corner shows up well.

TARGETS FOR '94.

Ah! now, my friend, do not get excited. All things come round to him who waits. Read on, gentle comrade, and you will see your amount.

The following targets have been fixed:— Cobourg, \$25; an increase of \$20 on last year.

Port Hope, \$22; \$11 ahead of '92.

Brighton and Trenton are on a par, viz.: \$15 each.

These two corps did not contribute last year. Their neighbor, Captain Brinley, will do his best to beat Brighton, and vice versa with Captain Twiss.

I hope no offence will be taken at the target for Port Hope, it being a little less than Cobourg. That energetic Captain Brady will make it lively for the Cobourgites. You will see.

Brookville is down for \$40; Perth, \$15; Prescott, \$16; Athens, \$10; Kampville, \$18.

Prescott comes back to their figure for '92. Captain Stiles takes up reigns here; we can depend on her reaching the target. I wonder dare she challenge Kampville.

No offence, Captain Kendall, by putting you at \$15; ditto, Athens. Captain Broadbent, at Kampville, has been sick; she is coming round nicely. If only able to get at the Festival other corps must look out.

Cornwall is down for \$60, while Morrisburg is billed for \$25, and Obersterville \$12. The field in general have glanced at Cornwall and cheered them for their magnificent totals of Self-Denial. Adjutant Taylor, with his beloved wife, will see that Cornwall does not lose his reputation.

Then, what about Mauritius? Captain

Oder is here. Odessa and Gananoque have the same targets. Now, comrades, who is going to come out best? Yet there is another at \$25, namely, Deseronto, also Cobourg.

PERSONAL.

I wonder, dear Editor, if these comrades dare challenge each other? I was going to say I would back Captain _____, but then, perhaps, I had better not, or they will know my mind on the subject.

Captain Coote is an old hand at such work as this, also Captain Churchill; but, between you and me and the gatepost, they had better look out or they may be in the shade. Captain Moffatt has gone to Deseronto. His Lieutenant is not as big as Goliath, but will fight every inch of the way for victory.

Peterboro' is down for \$100, Belleville \$70. We have in these two wise men from the East; God says so, also that noted man in the East, Brigadier Jacobs. Now, my hearties on western soil, distinguish yourselves as only men like you can do. Kingston tops the ladder with \$125. There is something for Peterboro' to aim at. Just fancy them being beaten by the Limehouse City! Over against this McGillivray is collecting for his barracks, yet by hook or by crook he is determined to get there; already he has told me of a scheme which will bring him in. — Dare that man in Peterboro' take up this challenge? I suppose he must "meekly wait and murmur not."

Montreal I, is on a level with Ottawa, their Harvest Festival will be postponed on account of the barracks.

Targets, \$35. Now we shall see who is going to come out best in these two places. I wonder whether Ensign Wiseman will desire to come in this ring, and put both these comrades in the shade. Now, McLean, you have done well for the barracks, you are to have Mrs. Booth for the re-opening, this will all help you for the Festival. God bless Montreal.

No. II, is down for \$40, Huntingdon, \$20; and La Chute, \$6, while the French corps has to reach \$10, and Quebec City, ditto.

Campbellford did \$35 last year, and an increase of \$10 on this will bring them up to the mark.

Note: This is \$5 more than Montreal II. What does Captain McHarg say about this? Could he beat it?

Sherbrooke and Coaticook have targets at \$30. Ensign Patterson will have to look out, or Captain Moodie will give him the go-by. She distinguished herself notably last year at Friend and Foes; look out. Patterson, Bedford, Stanstead and Waterloo are down for \$15 each; these corps have outposts, brigades, and what grand little festivals can be held all round the shop, and this amount raised. Captain Ayling takes the line at Stanstead, in her new capacity as Captain; what may we expect, ditto, from Captain Macneal. Captain Connor, at Richmond, is down for \$10, only \$3 ahead of '92.

Pembroke comes in the ring with \$35, \$15 above their neighbor Renfrew. My, what a race these two corps had last year over Self-Denial. Both did splendidly, what may we expect from them this year. Napaneo is \$2 above Sunbury, namely \$30. Captain Parsons takes the latter place, and with all the places she has to work, it may be possible that Napaneo will be left; but then I do not know. Captain Holman is from the East, and if we cannot put her down as the wise man, we will as the wise woman. Millbrook, \$20. Bloomfield, \$18. Picton, \$50. The latter corps only did \$14 in '92. This is a splendid place for the Army, and just the place for the Festival. Captain Baird has the master in hand, and will come to the front with flying colors. Norwood comes in \$15, this is \$3 less than Bloomfield, and Bloomfield is even lower than Millbrook, yet on a par with Sunbury. Now, my dear comrades, you have a chance to beat the record, and do one of the grandest things on record for the Harvest Festival.

Portsmouth is down for \$10, and all places near by the corps bear their targets. Now, my dear comrades, you have not much time to waste, have matters well in hand when this appears in the pages of the Gay. Spare no pains, work early and late to bring your corps right up to its target. Get everybody to work, distribute the responsibilities, and that will create interest and lighten the burden, bringing in a glorious harvest.

Above all do not forget to put on extra meetings, make some big announcements, arrange special events. Bring your wits into requisition as well as work, with plenty of this and faith in Almighty God, I verily believe we shall have a brilliant success in the Province, and the Commandant will not be disappointed in the desired increase on last year's amount.

God bless you, one and all.

W. T. Scott.

CO-OPERATION

— IN THE —

CAUSE OF CHRIST!

The Salvation Army Dairy and Grocery Store in Connection with Our Social Farm.

SCHEME NO. 37 OF THE JUBILEE PROGRAM.

"Necessity is the mother of invention. A few officers at Headquarters, who were feeling the grind of our extreme poverty, both as regards the public exchequer and their personal wants, thought they might assist the one and all the other, by getting together the necessary requirements of a little shop, the profits of which were to be divided between the inventors and the Army.

"Why should we pay back as much as possible of our necessities into the impoverished funds of the work dearer to us than our lives? we ask. The reply sprang up in the shop of a little lock-up store near a side street, which was rented at \$10 a month, not far from the requirements of a little shop, the profits of which were to be divided between the inventors and the Army.

"Fresh milk, two cents a glass."

"Would you like to come down and see the cellar?"

WHAT WE SELL Now, this

YOU CAN was rather an

RELY UPON. unexpected greeting for

the representative

of the WAR CRY. Not one word of introduction or explanation. Not a "How-d'ye-do!" or, "God-bless you!"—simply that bare unvarnished query, "Would you like to come down and see the cellar?"

We had lagged for a moment outside the broad store windows reading the signs and wording painted in gilt letters on the crystal-clear plate glass. On the one pane, "SAVATION ARMY CO-OPERATIVE GROCERY"; on the other, "Supplies from our Social Farm."

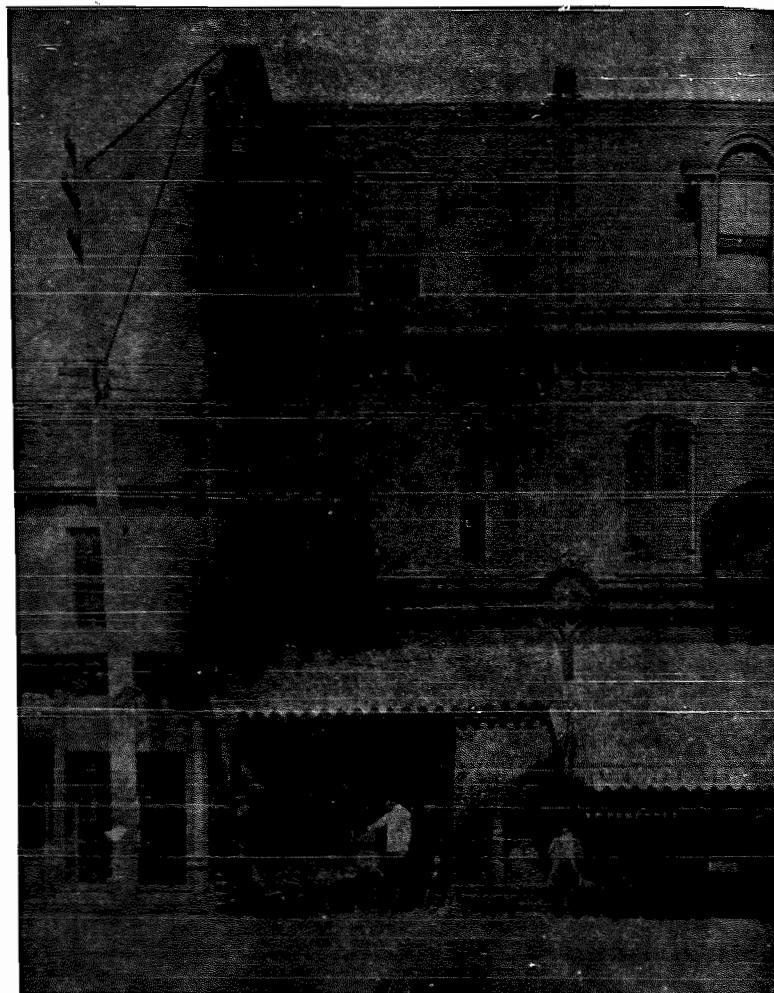
We had glanced with sober admiration at the cool, tasteful arrangement within the windows. We saw the milk-tin on the white oil-cloth, with a blue marble running through, and the polished tumblers upside down. Amongst the palm-plants and oleanders we read the inviting statement, "Fresh milk, two cents a glass."

We had solicited for a brief second on the excellent position of the place. Probably through that long, hot mid-summer Saturday hundreds and thousands of people had passed in the world's busy traffic down Yonge Street.

Half within and half without the door stood round, wooden bushel-baskets, filled to their capacious depths with nuts and lemons. Above our eyes swung a huge bunch of bananas from the sunny South. The fragrance of some tropical land filled all the air.

Finally we entered, armed with all the official regalia of a note-book and a pencil. Then it was that the brother with the long white apron came charging full-tilt upon us from behind the counter.

"Would you like to come down and see the cellar?" said he.



THE CO-OPERATIVE STORE, FRONT VIEW.

However, this was no surprise, for if you notice you will find that the Salvationist proper is anxious for you to see behind the scenes. He courts your scrutiny. He wants you to know how the wheels go round.

If you are on a visit of inspection to the Rescue Home, it is quite likely to be:

"What a pity you didn't come on a washing day to watch the girls at work!" Or at the Children's Shelter, "Don't you want to see us bathe the babies?" Or at the Farm, "This is where we boil the pig swill."

No doubt this principle has been one of the main key-stones of the prosperity of the Salvation Army—the great fundamental doctrine of THOROUGHNESS. The conviction which permeates our ranks, that

"Jesus wants the temple pure, from ceiling to the floor, He even wants the corners clean, the shelf behind the door."

You see this quality in the holiness meeting, where the soldier prays, like Peter:

"Wash me, but not my feet alone.
My head, my hands, my heart."

You see it in the open-air, with the officers when, whole-souled, they "go for the sinner, and go for the worst."

It is the very same principle that caused King David to exclaim, "There is not a word in my tongue; but, lo, O Lord, Thou knowest it altogether. . . Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me."

"Would you like to come down and see the cellar?"

Of course we would, so down we descended to the regions below.

FARM SUPPLIES. No close, musty-smelling hole like some cellars we know; all

here was cool, handy, and clean, with excellent arrangements for the reception of the milk as it comes in now in the early dawn, redolent of the sweet grass and clover of our Social Farm, with its thirty cows, and kindly mission of work for the submerged.

Along one side of the wall, a row of deep tanks stand.

"In here," explained our guide, "we stand the cans as they come in fresh from the Farm. Between the cans we place the blocks of ice, and then turn these taps on—so till the time are completely surrounded with ice-water. This cannot help keeping cool and sweet. This arrangement, at the end here, we call a 'creamery' so that if we have any milk over—which very rarely happens—none may be wasted, for we place it here, and the cream rising to the top, we can make a little butter. Oh, yes; we could sell a good deal more milk than we have at present. Other perishable goods we store down here, too."

Convinced that the subterranean arrangements were absolutely satisfactory, we arose again to the surface, to the heat of an every-day August world. Was it the contrast that suggested the burning desert of Arabia, or was it the scent of the pine and nutmeg?

Beyond the store there were two sheds or compartments.

"This," he explained, "is a sort of store-room where we keep our uncooked stock. Here we do our packing and shipping."

"What are these barrels?"

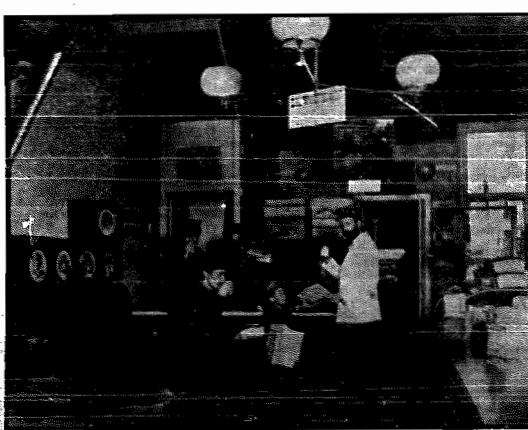
"Oh, sugar, rice, tapioca, etc. This side, you see, is piled with ropes, brushes, brooms, and there are lamp-shades, wash-boards, clothes-lines and such-like. This shed we keep for washing and soaking the cans after they are used. Yes, that's quite a bit of work for three of us, but it's all very necessary."

Beyond the sheds we came upon the stables, with two comfortable horses peacefully sleeping us over their carts, and one well-known, brightly-painted, little grocery wagon, with the device again distinctly advertising, "What we sell you can rely upon."

"But this isn't all!" we queried.

"No, no! We keep three wagons going constantly, two with milk, and one with groceries. Each driver attends to his own horse."

Returning to the store we called a halt, and drew breath, whilst taking a general bird's-eye survey of the vast total of the stock on view. For we could, indeed, to describe. Sugar and syrup, and all that's nice; Java coffee and sugar; Fragrance in the air! Breakfast corn, wheat, and the best of flour; Christo's, of course. Figs and dates, almonds, filberts, prunes and peaches. Pecans untold—all good gifts of God! What a benevolent Creator is ours! Father of Mankind, boundless in love! People may say what they like, but the good God has fed enough, and to spare for His needy children, if they would only be at the trouble to develop the rich resources of the land.



AT THE MILK COUNTER, CO-OPERATIVE STORE.

What a land of milk and honey is this !

Happy Canada !
BOUNTEOUS
CANADA !

It is perfectly true, as a Hamilton paper remarks, that "while the people of Europe are trembling in fear of the assassin's dagger or the deadly dynamite bomb, while the ping of bullets echoed through the States, and the glare of burning ears lighted by the torch of anarchy reddened the sky, the people of Canada are taking life quietly and having fun."

"Canada is contented in periods of adversity that disturb numerically greater countries because Canadians have learned to find in life pleasures that are higher than the dollar, joys more enduring than a fortune. Owing to the scarcity of dollars, Canada had to learn that money was not everything."

Wise Canada !

What a harvest we have again this year ! Beyond all question, Canada is one of the best lands to live in under God's blessed sun.

Dollars or no dollars, where could be found more happy and fewer hungry children than beneath the maple leaf ?

From Canada we drifted away in fancy among gyp-plumbed birds and gorgeous sunset-blows to the islands of the brilliant South. It may have been a certain something in the heavily-heated, sultry, moist weather, or perhaps the powerful association of the pungent fragrance of scented spice and cinnamon, coffee, or coco, or nuts ; but whatever the cause, fancy would run riot, and we had reached the sultry tiger-haunted jungles of the tropics before the voice of our comrade recalled us to our unpretentious stool by the counter in the trim little grocery, with its untold promise and suggestion.

"Do you see this tea ?" said he, with the air and attitude of a man whose heart is in his work. "This is one of our three special blends, thirty cent, forty, and fifty. The middle one is just beautiful for the pot. You understand we have them put up especially ourselves, with the Army over and over. One is called the "Jubilee," the other "The Horatius," and this the "Mass Blah."

We listened to him now vaguely from far away among feathered palms and glowing suns of the torrid sun, where the saguaro and pine-apple riot in rank luxuriant growth.

"These we intend to place in the hands of the officers all through the Dominion to sell among our soldiers. Through this co-operative system the soldiers get a better tea ; the officers make ten per cent, for themselves on each packet, and still a certain profit remains in the Army funds,

THE JUBILEE
BLEND OF TEA.

which otherwise would not be made. Yes, there is no doubt, this is an excellent tea. It comes from India, not China. I suppose a third of the whole tea trade is shipped from India and Ceylon now. The industry is becoming more and more cultivated in those countries ; moreover, the Chinese are so conservative, too, they will hold on to the old methods, which are not the best."

A profusion of almond-eyed beauties, with faces of quaint devices beneath fragile papery and peach-blossom, floated away, whilst we thrillingly asked what there was now demand for among our people—tea or coffee ?

"Oh, tea, beyond all question. Coffee we don't hope to make much gains on. To begin with, our people are too poor as a rule, for we only reckon to supply the

simple, ordinary necessities, and coffee is more of a luxury. By the time the grinding and packing up is done the profit is very small. This is a Java drab (God bless the Javanese and deliver them from volcanoes), but we have a very nice cheap blend of coffee. The same with the cocoas. The price of our people is not long enough for that either. Most of our cocoas come from Holland, Amsterdam or Stockholm."

HOOLLAND, with dykes and dikes, cows and clover, kindness and grace. Oh, Holland, we thank you for your gift to Canada !

So, praise God, Mrs. Booth is in Canada, and here we are back in the grocery.

"It's impossible to tell all we keep. Very few luxuries. All the standard brands of good, necessary provisions chiefly consumed. Here is canned meat, hermetically sealed ; this is kippered herring : on the shelf are biscuits, Cross & Blackwell's jams, etc., but there's such heavy duty on them that it eats all the profits." That meant a sudden change from the deep Dutch meadows to the great warehouses on the yellow Thames, with the citizen steamers plying, and the factory chimneys belching forth their volumes of dense smoke to deepen the fog."

"Do you consider we are succeeding ?"

"Yes, honestly, we are succeeding well, especially considering how small our capital has been. We have had an excellent start—few grocers have got on in the time as we have. To begin with, we supply all our own institutions right through from end to end of the city. Men, Women, and Children's Shelters, Rescue Homes, Garrisons, Home of Rest, Headquarters' people, officers, and a number of soldiers, who are falling in with the plan nicely.

OUR PEOPLES PURSE

Oh, yes, we are meeting quite a number of outside customers, too ; the call-trade isn't bad either. Then outside Toronto, too, we provide ourselves. For instance, Bridgewater, Major Collyer, and Staff-Capt. Collyer's club to get their goods from the Toronto stores, and we ship the goods carriage paid, with a certain percentage off to them, and a profit to the Army, instead of to the world. Banquets and picnics among our people furthermore ; anywhere we can supply at reduced rates, paying the freightage."

"We are bound to grow—there are the germs of development, and so many things in our favor. To begin with, fetching our dairy produce from the Farm direct we are bound to have them good. Another great point is that we work on strictly rock-bottom cash principles. Moreover, our business is a matter of CONSCIENCE. It is run for the glory of God and the good of mankind. When we guarantee twenty-one pounds to the dollar you may weigh it up and not be disappointed to find only eighteen. You may be quite sure your sugar is not mixed with sand, but pure and wholesome. By dealing with our Social Dairy you will, firstly, secure pure milk, and secondly, you have the satisfaction of knowing that you help on God's work. You are joining us in co-operation in the cause of Christ."

The world does not want sermons alone, not theories, it is calling for a robust religion that will show itself in the practical issues of daily life.

By so doing, alone we shall bring down heaven on earth. K.

QUEBEC A village of tents at the Troutie Glen camp grounds. Eight Outriders are to be present at the Camp Meetings.



THE GROCERY DEPARTMENT, CO-OPERATIVE STORE.



BOY—"Hi ! You'll be late, sure enough ; the General arrives on the 18th."

To the G.D.M. Local Agents in the Eastern Province.

I have been thinking a good deal about you to-day, and feel that I want to say a few things to you that will not do to keep until I see you all, so, therefore, I take this way of speaking a few words of advice.

In the course of my last tour, I found that several agents had been collecting the contents of the boxes in a manner calculated to bring discredit upon the scheme, through ignorance of the proper way. Instead of personally visiting the home of the box-holder, and opening the box in his or her presence, and giving a receipt for the contents—which is the regular way—I found that several of the agents had taken the boxes brought by the holders, either to the barracks or to the officers' quarters, to be opened at the agent's convenience, with the result that a large number of the boxes failed to find their way back whence they came, their one-time holders preferring that they should kick around the barracks' platform-cribberid, than that it should find its way back to its proper place on their dining table. Now, please, local agents, do not on any account remove the boxes from any house for the purpose of opening, as you stand a poor chance of getting it back again. STICK TO THE RULES laid down for guidance, and visit the home of the box-holders, and by doing so you will more than ever impress upon them that the scheme is worked in a systematic manner.

Then another thing I wish to mention is that it is your duty to give out fresh boxes to people who have not already got them, and report the number given out every month on the forms supplied. I find that several agents are reeling content with doing the work connected with the boxes given out when the scheme was first started in their corps. My advice to the different agents, from the very day I started in this work, has been to take one day or an afternoon a week, put a half-dozen boxes in a hand-bag, and start out and do some visiting or canvassing, and you will be surprised at the result. I have tried it myself, and found that it worked well.

Think of the opportunity you have of doing something for God and the Kingdom. Go at it after much prayer, start out in faith, believe that God is going to help you, not only to give out boxes, but to say something that will help and bless those with whom you come in contact. Remember you have taken this work upon you for God, not merely for the Salvation Army, though that is the medium through which He is using you. Work faithfully, and He will give you your reward, and the "Well done !"

I am believing to see you all soon, and I trust that you, each and all, will have a good report to make.

LIEUTENANT PUGH,
Provincial Agent.

An Archangel's Curse.—"Let us not be desirous of vain glory : provoking one another, envying one another."—GALATIANS v. 20.

Humility is the stepping stone to exaltation. "Six things the Lord hateth ; you, pride, and an abomination unto Him," and the first crime mentioned in this catalogue, is a proud look. Pride may be named immediate, the root for self, and contempt for others. This sin, without doubt, is one of the most ingenuous dooeyes of the devil.

A PROUD LOOK

is an abomination to the Lord, the proud. He knoweth afar off. As long as individuals away up upon the pinnacles of haughty dispositions, He will not condescend to approach them. It is the infernal fire that has ruined angels, and reduced them, who were once so

pure and lovely, to be shut up in eternal darkness for ever, with the awful name of devil. Look at the most execrable character of Jesus as our example for humility. Blessed Jesus, give me more than ever that nature. Listen : "Take my yoke upon you and learn of Me, for I am meek and lovely in heart."

It is beyond our comprehension to say into what depths of sin and misery we may plunge should we bid welcome to such an infernal fire.

Let us hear the unchanging Word of God on this matter. "For behold the day cometh that shall burn as an oven, and all the proud, yes, and all that do wickedly shall be as stubble, and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of Hosts."

CAPTAIN LEWIS.

St. Stephen, N.B.—SALVATION ARMY IN A BEAUTIFUL CITY.—I heard this conversation :

"Well, how are things in your town ?"
Reply : "Oh, everything is booming but business."

Well, thank God, we are not without our boom in salvation business, which is the most important work in the world.

We have to praise God for three at the Cross during eight days, which is not so bad considering everything.

St. Stephen is having at present a few permanent houses—the electric street railway and the new steel bridge across the beautiful St. Croix River. These things will put the finishing touches on the already beautiful town of St. Stephen. It seems the only thing that will then be wanting will be a proper Salvation Army barracks, without which, of course, no town is complete. God's work is hampered for this. Who will come to care for it ?

WOODSTOCK, N.B.—We have just had a change of front at Woodstock. Captain Jefferson, after a stay of more than ten months, during which time something like 100 souls have knelt at the penitent form and professed salvation, has received the word "snatch," and another will lead on the Woodstock brave, while he will fight for God elsewhere. God bless you, Captain Jefferson, may your future be still more eventful in the soul-saving and soldier-making line. You will of course be interested in the new barracks, and so will the Woodstock folks, and you will be surprised how soon you will hear of its opening.

GRAND MANAN AND LA TIDE.—Grand Manan and La Tide are doing well and we shall hear more from them soon.

Candidates ! Candidates ! Wanted at once in the St. Stephen District. 10, ten, 10 blood-and-fire candidates to compete with Peter, and Paul, and Wesley, and General Booth, and a thousand others in soul-saving. Who knows what God will make of you if you will only obey and offer yourself for the work.

St. John ! ! !—FORDING THE RIVER ONE BY ONE.—With the many that have been called to give an account of the deeds done in the body, is our comrade, Lizzie Edwards. Six years ago Lizzie took her place at the Cross, and found the Lord to be the sinner's Saviour.

Since that time she has by the grace of God been a true soldier.

A few days before she passed away, she said the fear of death was gone. While many of the friends may have hearts filled with sorrow, we believe she is rejoicing with those that have washed their robes in the Saviour's Blood. I pray that the sinners that knew her life, and looked at her cold in death, will be lead to prepare to meet God.

"She has been a soldier faithful,
Always trying to live right;
God indeed, has been her comfort,
When at home or in the fight."

"She has trusted in her Saviour,
Trusted in His love and grace;
And she had His smile and favor,
When she was so near the grave."

"True, indeed, the call came quickly,
She was ready to obey;
Now she's reigning with the Saviour,
In the realms of endless day."

—GRONIAN AND ADONIA.

THE Prison Gate Home people, Colombo, have got their first crop of cinnamon off the new land granted them by the government. This ground has a frontage of 200 yards on a main road.

FOCUSSED FACTS.

A hardened backslider reclaimed at Linger street; soldiers are jubilant.

Moosetow comrades held successful meetings at the gravel pit; dead conviction.

On Sunday night two souls volunteered for salvation at Victoria.

The late meetings at Corbett's Pointe set new all previous records.

An artilleryman has acknowledged the claims of King Jesus at Halifax L.

Bird Island Cove shouts victory over two souls.

Half-night of prayer at Fredericton; seven out for holiness.

Fort William folks love the S. A. Methodist minister apostle. Two souls saved this week and West Fort attacked.

A. H. F. says Bridgetown is still moving. One soul Sunday.

Says Captain Milner, of Port Arthur: "An unsewed lad went selling WAR CARS and bought all he could not sell. Some think it the only paper containing any news. One soul at knee-drill."

Twillingate raised six dollars and one soul at its Jubilee meetings.

Jackson's Cove converts are proving true.

Exploits has a band of recruits waiting enrollment and a site secured for barracks and quarters.

New Bay, Nfld., raised \$14 for the new school. Splendid!

Eight hundred in the barracks at Twillingate and fifteen souls.

Old men and children are coming to Jesus at Morton's Harbor.

Keep believing for new barracks at Wild Right.

Brighton's motto is "Outward and Upward." One soul in the open-air. Three inside Sunday night. One got melted down at an ice cream social.

Mrs. de Barratt has been "rooting" (?) and holding meetings at Barratt. One soul Sunday night.

Wonderful times at Iona's Island. Souls are prayed for and souls are got.

The new boat, Salvation, is complete.

Seven souls were glad to get rid of their sins at Fortune, Newfoundland.

Orilia converts got the glory in their feet. If you dance, dance for God. Three souls on Sunday night.

Calgary reports a surprise party to welcome their Provincial Officer. A Rescue meeting, a WAR CAR meeting, and one soul.

An old lady in Harbor Grace sang a hymn on her doorstep as the officers went away. [You might have told us what the "hymn" was like, Sister Brown.]

Extremes met at Moncton, N.B., in the shape of a camp meeting and a circus.

In the Central Ontario Province, Brigadier de Barratt has been successfully fighting the devil on a crutch. He is lame through falling from his buggy.

The Jubilee Troops at the Falls have had splendid meetings, and three souls on Sunday night.

Fifteen hundred people and \$33 collection at the camp meetings at Corbett's Point.

Brigade II., of Stayner Circle Corps, has a log cabin barracks, but good crowds gather. Fourteen miles walking and four meetings is a good record for a Sunday.

The Chatham Daily Courier publishes an account of the Salvation Army picnic to Algoma. Fifteen dollars were collected in the open air.

Three souls at Nagasone, when F.O.'s Holman, Magee and Dodge, of the "Light-bearers," were there.

In spite of medicine men and marry-gounds, and other counter-attractions, our comrades at St. Mary's have been getting the victory. Captain Andrews reports several souls lately.

Our Vancouver correspondent sends a glowing account of Major and Mrs. Booth's capture. The meetings enthusiastic. God set His seal on them by liberating captives.

Captain Cockrell, after six months' successful fighting, has farewell from Paris. Quite a few special present at his last meeting. Captain Vincent, of the States, paid Paris a flying visit.

Sister Bellair, one of our Little York comrades, has been promoted to heaven. Captain Andrews writes of her triumphant death, and impressive funeral service. Our departed sister's dying testimony gave no uncertain sound.

Engie Ayre writes: "The Musical Troope this week-end. Good crowds, good singing, and nine at the Cross. Forward, Lindsay."

Captain J. H. Allen farewell from Newcaste, N.B., having bidden a good fare to those who bid fair to become real-blood-and-thin soldiers.

Lippincott officers enrolled five recruits. Easton and Mrs. Phillips visited this corps Thursday, and interested the friends and soldiers with their description of the C.P.

Hantsville comrades were dancing happy last Sunday over one soul captured from the enemy.

A searching bus has been the order of things at Moncton. Soldiers and civilians taking part.

MAJOR AND MRS. READ'S NORTH-WEST TRUMPHES.

CALGARY.—One backslider: Church of England missionary donated \$10 to Rescue Work.

EDMONTON.—Successful open-air maneuver. One sister captured. Inspected now barracks.

VANCOUVER.—Troops enthusiastic. Jubilee place progressing. Unique meetings, good offerings, and souls converted and sanctified.

Harvest! Harvest!!

The WAR CRY, having addressed a few questions by post to Brigadier Scott, respecting the Harvest Festival, has received the following answer:

"Good morning, Major Complain!"

"Yes, personally, I am well and feel in good trim. God has, and does, bless me with good health, and keeps me right and square in soul. Mrs. Scott and baby are away just now; cheering news comes from them that all is well, hallelujah!"

"Yes, I consider the proceeds of last year's Harvest Festival were magnificent. Indeed, I am well aware we have to come a 'pig higher' this time. We shall 'get there.' The enthusiasm manifested in the recent councils, and pledges to bring the target higher, will not be forgotten, now that we are face to face with the question. Canada will come to the front again. NOTE. You watch East Ontario."

"We have forty-five corps, big and little, small and great, rich and poor. You know what I mean when I say rich, not quite so hard-pressed as others, understand? The number of our soldiers and recruits amount to a little over 1,500; officers, 102 all told."

"What are the District Officers like?"

"Well, now, that is a pretty hard question, but seeing that you want to know, I suppose there is no getting out of it. Let me see, what shall I say? First, you can put it down that they are very good. I have just had interviews with Ensigns McDonald, Wiseman and Scar; they are brimful of plauds already for a gigantic success in their commands. I shall see some of the others in a few days. Anyway, as to your question of faith and feeling in the matter, they have that all right enough, and will leave no stone unturned to make this Festival an unprecedented success in the Province."

"Since last year there has been considerable change in the staff; we have said good-bye to some, and welcomed others, so all of them being on new ground, this will act as an incentive to eclipses the past."

"What about the field officers?"

"Good, that word will cover a great deal. Already I hear of the field officers calculating and making plans for the 'Festival.' This will be taken up enthusiastically by all. I have already despatched one letter, another is to follow this week, giving targets, etc. You can calculate that great preparations are being made to reach the mark."

"Work systematically!"

"Oh, yes, we believe in system. This hitty-missy kind of business fails. System saves labor. We are bringing this in as much as possible in connection with the Budget Scheme, Ward System, and an increase of WAR CARS, etc., and you can rest assured the Harvest Festival will be no exception to the rule."

"What are your targets, Brigadier?"

"I can hardly give you this just now; anyway, you can expect the WAR CAR to get full particulars on this line."

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that; or whether they both shall be alike good."—Ecc. xi. 6.

WAR CRY

TORONTO, AUG. 25, 1884.

OUR NAVY.

This is a distinct and unequalled success. Everything that was expected and prophesied of the steam yacht "General Booth," has come to pass. The people of the town at which she called gave her more coal than could be stored in her bunkers, so that at one place about two tons had to be left behind. They received our Naval Brigade with open arms and loaded them with provisions. The friends who met the ship's crew at Port Dover came with a big store of supplies. As with the Empress of China, the Empress of Japan, the Miwoks, and one of the Ontario lake passenger boats, it was the unexpected that happened. Notwithstanding the presence of Captain Trotter, a pilot of thirty years' experience on our lakes, who had a record without a flaw, in trying to get near the shore of Selkirk, on Lake Erie, where the only place of landing was a small creek, she struck a reef. She was, however, uninjured, and was got off without the aid of the tug which the Commandant had immediately sent to her assistance. It is strange that the rescue-tug herself struck a reef in returning to port, and our boat, in turn, hauled her off into clear water. The Commandant, with commendable caution, ordered our yacht into dry dock to make sure she was in perfectly sea-worthy condition, and it was here, that by a sheer accident, she caught fire. The boys were to commence painting at daylight, and while the oil was heating, by some means it became ignited, the result may be imagined. Being in dry dock, there was no water handy; however, the Naval Brigade worked like Trojans, and succeeded in beating out the flames. The hull was saved. The engine and boiler are fortunately not seriously damaged, but a good bit of the interior was consumed. It will be some comfort to our readers to know, however, that even now experts inform us we have still left much more value than the first cost of the ship to us, and since it has been demonstrated that the idea of campaigning in this way is a great success, and we can effect the transit of officers at a cost of literally nothing to the funds of the Army. The Commandant will, of course, go on with the repairs.

What have our soldiers and friends to say of this, especially those living on the lake sides? Will it not be a fitting time to send the Commandant a donation to help recover the loss? The blow falls heaviest on him, although every one of his staff share the disappointment keenly. Immediately after the news of the fire reached Headquarters the members of our Board of Expenditure, then sitting, telegraphed a message of sympathy to the Commandant who was conducting a campaign at Brantford. We are sure our comrades everywhere



1—MRS. BOOTH'S CAMPAIGNING TOURS IN THE WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

2—A WORK IN THE HARVEST FIELD, WITH THE BAPTIST FRIENDS.

3—WILL YOU BE A SOUL-WINNER?

4—A BAPTIST CHURCH.

5—AROUND MUNICH.

6—A BAPTIST CHURCH WITH JOHN BOOTH AS PASTOR.

7—UNITED WE STAND.

8—THE HARVEST FESTIVAL RACE—WHO TAKES THE LEADERS?

9—CO-OPERATION IN THE CAUSE OF CHRIST.

10—THE BAPTIST DAIRY AND GROCERY STORE IN THE SECTION WITH OUR SOULS.

11—CO-OPERATION IN THE CHURCH.

12—THE BAPTIST CHURCH IN THE EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

13—NEWS OF THE FIGHT.

14—THE WAR CRY OFFICE TALK.

15—CO-OPERATION AND COLLECTING.

16—SLIDING-BARRED BLOWN AT WORLDS END.

17—GLEN RAYE CAMP (Illustration).

18—PEACE COLLECTION AND TROUBLES (Words and Pictures).

19—THE GENERAL AT ST. JAMES, KENTUCKY.

20—"OH, COME, LET US SING UNTO THE LORD."

will share with us in their sympathy for our leader who has had so many trying circumstances to grapple with in his Canadian command.

The following letter is a specimen of letters received, and is an index of the sympathy existing on account of the accident:

Commandant H. H. Booth, Toronto, Ont.:

Mr. DEAR COMMANDANT.—As I have just heard yesterday the sad news as I was passing the Falls, they tell me the "hell" is right, and I shall just suggest this to you. That the Staff will do their best to help you, and if you send out a letter to all the corps and if you send out all the money they can give of that salary on an appointed week-end, and when the yacht is repaired, I do believe 20,000 can be raised in a few days. Try it. God bless you. Yours to help, —Gen. L. AMES, Bangor.

"Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy; break up your fallow ground; for it is time to seek the Lord." Hosea xi. 12.

Mrs. Booth spent a good part of yesterday (Thursday) visiting some of the houses of ill-fame in the city. She was most kindly received. The "keep" of one of the prominent houses was as kind, and thanked Mrs. Booth for calling, and finished by saying, "I am glad you thought me good enough to call on."

The Fredericton barracks has been burned by incendiaries.

"Thrust in thy sickle and reap: for the time is come for thee to reap; for the harvest of the earth is ripe." Rev. xiv. 15.

YOU ARE VERY KIND.—We proudly acknowledge the following donations to the MONTEBELLO RESCUE HOME:

Friend 22.—Mrs. Mills \$10.

Friend 23.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

Friend 24.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

Friend 25.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

Friend 26.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

Friend 27.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

Friend 28.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

Friend 29.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

Friend 30.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

Friend 31.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

Friend 32.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

Friend 33.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

Friend 34.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

Friend 35.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

Friend 36.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

Friend 37.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

Friend 38.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

Friend 39.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

Friend 40.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

Friend 41.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

Friend 42.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

Friend 43.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

Friend 44.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

Friend 45.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

Friend 46.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

Friend 47.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

Friend 48.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

Friend 49.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

Friend 50.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

Friend 51.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

Friend 52.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

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Friend 67.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

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Friend 70.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

Friend 71.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

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Friend 75.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

Friend 76.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

Friend 77.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

Friend 78.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

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Friend 128.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

Friend 129.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

Friend 130.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

Friend 131.—Mr. & Mrs. G. C. Scott \$10.

HARVEST MANIFESTO BY THE COMMANDANT.

"Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for you sake He became poor, that you through His poverty might be rich."



"Every man according as he purposeth in his own heart so let him give; not grudgingly or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver."



"He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth beautifully shall reap also beautifully."



"They that dwell under his shadow shall rest; they shall revive in the sun, and grow as the vine."



"And the fields shall be full of wheat, and the tares shall overflow with wine and oil."

"Thrust in thy sharp sickle, and gather the clusters of the vine of the earth; for her grapes are fully ripe."

"He that sat on the cloud thrust in his sickle on the earth; and the earth was reaped."

"Thrust in the sickle, and reap: for the time is come for the sickle to reap; for the harvest of the earth is ripe."

Peterboro' District.

BRIGADIER SCOTT AND THE LIGHT-BRIGADE TO THE FRONT.

A Bouncing and a Banquet—An Interesting Campaign—Many Adventures—Fighting—Handsome Speech.

After securing a pair of horses and a good gun for Workworth, accompanied by the Light-Brigade, composed of three Blood-and-fire lancers, Cabbage Mike was to have come with us, but could not get away. We arrived at Workworth in good spirits ready for her next adventure; she had done a good work at Workworth. We had a nice crowd in the meeting at night. Sister Paton and Sister Michie's voice with antithetical accent punctuated well. Next day we started to Alderville, an Indian settlement, where the people are very fond of the Salvation Army. Professor Crow did his best to make us feel at home; everybody seemed to enjoy themselves at the little banquet he got up, which was served in the open-air, in proper Indian

style. We had the privilege of being present at a meeting held for the purpose of welcoming their

New Pastor;

all the speakers at this meeting had some good to say about the Salvation Army. We had a Salvation meeting afterwards with about 250 people present. God enabled us to seal out the truth, which I trust, will bear fruit to His glory.

Our next move is to Campbellford, where we are announced for Friday, Saturday and Sunday. We started off by a Soldier's meeting on Friday night, quite a few soldiers turned up and we had a good time together. Saturday night,

Brigadier Scott

appeared on the scene. We had a good lively march. A soldier told me it was the best march he had ever been in.

Sunday morning, at knee-drill, a man came to the pentitent-form, but as the Brigadier deals with him about giving up his tobacco, he was unwilling to do so, and of course, did not get victory.

We went on in straight lines in the holiness meeting. The Lord backed the truth home, and two sought deliverance.

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS,
TORONTO, ONT.

My Dear Comrades:

What more can I say to insure your determined endeavor to make our Harvest Festival of 1894 the greatest success yet achieved? Thank God for the ever-increasing sign given me from all over the land that you need little urging, but you are on fire equally with me to bring about a splendid triumph.

"We have Conquered in Times that are Past."

Let this assurance help and encourage us for another advance. One or two thoughts to help your effort.

The General is coming! This is our last united effort before we see the face of our veteran leader. He will expect us to do our duty, and he shall hear, on his arrival in Newfoundland, that that duty has been gloriously accomplished. Shall he not?

Our King is looking! But above all this mere human incentive, useful as it is, is the greater fact that God sees us. He is looking into our hearts, not only at what we accomplish, but what we MIGHT accomplish. He knows how much we ought to do, each of us. Shall we disappoint Him? I don't believe we shall.

The country is inviting. Around us on every side the harvest of rich grain, the earth's produce of all kinds, seems to invite us to come and take its offering to the treasury of the Lord. Let us go and ask for it. Nay, let us go, and with the authority of God's people, demand the share which by rights belong to His house and His cause. More and more am I convinced that this is God's plan for relieving us of the great burden that so oppresses us. See how much it has done already. You will find it comparatively easy to secure gifts of kind when gifts of cash are all but impossible. "The earth is the Lord's" by right "and the fulness thereof." Let us go for it.

Don't forget the Farm. No branch of the Army work will appeal more to the farmers of Canada than will our latest development. We have a Farm of our own now, which we trust will become not only the means of a livelihood to many a poor man, but what is far more important, the instrument of his eternal salvation.

Now, will you not do what you can to find us stock or grain, and thus have your share in launching this enterprise for God and souls?

In conclusion, I can only once more repeat how certainly I look to you for a desperate encounter, and how sure I am of your winning a splendid victory. The tide everywhere continues to rise, souls are getting saved, and new opportunities are opening up before us. May God make us all equal to them.

Your affectionate leader,

"And I will sow her unto me in the earth; and I will have mercy upon her that had not obtained mercy; and I will say to them which were not my people, Thou art my people, and they shall say, Thou art my God."



"He hath dispersed abroad; he hath given to the poor: his righteousness remaineth for ever."

"Now he that ministereth seed to the sower both minister bread for your food, and multiply your seed sown, and increase the fruits of your righteousness."



"God is able to make all grace abound toward you; and ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work."



"And He shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and the former rain unto the earth."

things. A good crowd in the barracks, and there we had

Music, Singing, and Dancing.

It was evident that "they who the Son hath made free are free indeed." The people were glad to see some of their old officers present. Captain Cameron, Captain Taylor, and Lieutenant Lock all delivered short, powerful addresses. Captain LeDrew said farewell without shedding any tears, and the band boys bounced the Brigadier at the finish.

DIABOLICAL WORK OF TRAIN WRECKERS.—

A fearful wreck, involving the loss of eleven lives, has occurred on the Chicago Pacific Railway. All indications point to the train wreckers as the cause. The theory is that the rails had been tampered with. The engine was just crossing the trestle over Salt Lake creek when it left the track, and with a crash fell forty feet into the creek below. The engine burst, and the coaches immediately burst into flames. It took a long time to rescue the unfortunate crew, but not before many had perished and others were severely injured. What is man without God—desperately, you even devillish.

TREACHERY.



Johnny found out that the General is coming, and thought he would wake up his grandpa to tell him the good news.

Self-Crucifixion.

"Come ye disconsolate, where ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently knock,
Hearing the welcome voice, here lay your anguish,
Earth has no surce that heaven cannot heal."

I feel to-night like begging you to take this small message to any whose hearts seem crushed, for I feel in speaking through you I am speaking to many whose hearts bleed, many who feel like saying, "Lord, this blow is too heavy," so just here I wish to ask you, dear burdened one, if it is a loving Father, God, Who allows this blow, can you truthfully say, "It is too heavy," when His loving, Almighty arms are open. His great, loving heart yearning to bear all the burden for you?

Did you not hear His voice saying, "Cast thy burden, my child, on Me; take instead My yoke; My yoke is easy, My burden is light?"

Or did you turn away, not knowing where to look when that dreadful blow seemed to shatter even God from your sight? Yet He Who has borne your sin wants to bear your sorrow, too.

Again, I may be speaking to some who are undergoing a fierce conflict in their soul. I, too, have passed through that, comrade; I, too, know what it is to take the last atom of self, and tearing it from my soul, say, "Not my will, but Thine through me." Yet only the Son of God who sees your heart as He sees mine, can understand and supply certain strength, give you certain victory.

Do you think for a moment I regret any sacrifice I have made for His dear sake? I could gladly again undergo the agony of that self-crucifixion, such sweet peace, such real lasting joy does it bring to my soul.

Again, if you have fallen into great temptation, or if you have heard his call to cast out the right eye, to cut off the right hand that offendeth, I beseech you, though it be dearer than life, though your very life seem to depend on it, claim the power of Divine love by casting it from you. He waits to pour into your soul love for fallen humanity that will crowd out every selfish thought.

Comrade, He Who giveth more grace will do for you exceeding abundantly above what you can ask or think.

—LILLIE J. BRYANTON.

Brampton.—SOUL-HARVESTING.—Since last report two souls have cried for mercy. Bless the Lord. Open-air are good, although our soldiers are busy, so we often have to stand alone; but Jesus is helping us. Captain Savage came along on Saturday, and gave us a helping hand over Sunday.

WARR.



The result—a sudden exit.

PICKED BREVETIES.

PICKER.

Singing is cheaper than doctoring.

A man is what he thinks; like water, he finds his level.

The blessing that is not used proves a curse.

Nothing will do more to improve the looks than sunshine in the heart.

It is honor for a man to cease from strife, but every fool will be meddling.—Prov. xx. 3.

The right kind of a man always learns something worth knowing from a mistake.

A workman that needs no overseer is two workmen.

There is a cry made about the finding of bacteria in cigars. Salvationists, you need not fear.

A comrade testifies: "I am glad to belong to a people who are always on duty."

If we are at peace with God and our own conscience, what enemy among men need we fear?

In telegraphy, Australia has 45,000 miles of wire against Canada's 31,000, and the people send three times more messages than in the Dominion.

Not for theology, but for humanity Jesus died.

It is not your opinions God wants, but you.

"I would rather win one soul for Jesus Christ than have a monument of pure gold which would reach from earth to heaven."—D. L. MOODY.

For the first time after all these centuries, the Dead Sea is to be navigated. Two sailing vessels belonging to the Sultan are to be placed upon these famous waters. Now for the Salvation navy.

An American Salvation Army officer, previous to being saved, wandered through a graveyard in a drunken state, stumbled into an open grave and stayed there until after he had slept of his drunken stupor.

"There will be a meeting in this church to-morrow evening, brethren," said the Nebraska pastor, "for the purpose of praying for rain. At the same time and place we shall take up a collection to defray the expenses of bringing to this neighborhood the maimakers who have been so remarkably successful in other portions of the state. It is hoped there will be a very large attendance. We will now close by singing the doxology."—Chicago Tribune.

YARMOUTH, N.S.

THE FIRE IS SPREADING.—Since my last report we have had great victories. A number of souls have been saved. The soldiers are all on fire, they are taking a great hold of the WAR CRY. The tide is rising.—Captain CURRY.

VANCOUVER.

READY FOR ANYTHING. THE DEVIL'S COMBINATION. TWO SINNERS FRIEND.—Sunday, the 26th, was a blessed time, when two seeking sinners found a seeking Saviour, to the joy of their souls. Monday, the 30th, the devil brought one of his combinations to town, called a circus, and many of his followers were there; but the harlots were not empty, and the Lieutenant was equal to the occasion, and left the platform, and led a charge right in amongst the congregation, and captured two prisoners, whom the Lord set free, and sent them on their way rejoicing.—E. H.

PEACE WITH HONOR.



An explanation as to why he did it was brought forgiveness.

HALIFAX.

THREE IN THE FOYER.—The Lord is our life and strength, and by His power we are working for the salvation of souls. On Saturday night a brother volunteered out for salvation. Blessed times on Sunday; three souls came to the mercy-seat in the night meeting. Hallelujah.—Sergeant Major CANSER.

KEMPTVILLE.

A SICK CAPTAIN; BUT A BRAVE LIEUTENANT.—On account of the warm weather our crowds are small, but still we keep believing. Our Captain is sick and not able to be in front with us; but we hope and trust she



WATFORD BRASS BAND.

Benedictus Apted. Lieutenant Pettit. Bandman V. Collier. Captain Dean. Bandman E. Collier. Mrs. Collier. Bandman Wray.

FIRST CORNER.—Thank God, I am nicely saved and in to do the will of God. Saved and kept by the grace of God.

SECOND CORNER.—Living for God's glory, in to do His will.

You cannot lift a sinner on the rock while standing on the sand yourself.

"The covetous man plies his plenty, like Tantalus, up to the chin in water, and yet thirsty."—REV. T. ADAMS.

"Sin which separates from God, which disobeys God, which cannot in that state correspond with God—this is hell."—PROF. DRUMMOND.

At one of the ragged schools in Ireland a clergyman asked the question, "What is holiness?" A poor Irish convert jumped up and said, "Please, your reverence, it's to be clean inside."—S. CLARK'S HARBOR.

When the mind thinks nothing, when the soul covets nothing, and the body aches nothing that is contrary to the perfect will of God, this is perfect sanctification.

A man should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser today than he was yesterday.—PORN.

There is no such thing as yielding up the soul without yielding up the will, for the will is the chief power of the soul. Christ Himself cannot sanctify a moral agent who persistently holds to his corruption.

CLARK'S HARBOR.

HIS FATHER COULDN'T PRAY.—Instead of visiting from house to house this week we have been visiting from hay field to hay field. We felt, as we gathered the workers together for a few minutes of prayer, and I spoke to them of Jesus, that the Lord came very near. The Lord is working here; eighteen souls have left the broad way of sin. One dear little lad found Jesus and went home to get his father to pray with him, his father not being in the right condition to pray with him, felt the need of a Saviour, and the next night took him to our penitent-form crying for God to save him. Personally, we are getting along well in our souls.—Captain JONES and Lieutenant PRATHER.

MILLFORD.

THE OLD RELIABLE.—Oh, the memories of by-gone days. The old town hall at Millford, your humble servant, Mrs. LANDER, Captain Kendell and the Pleton band, gave the Millford folks a musical treat on a certain Friday night in July, when a large number of folks—male and female, old and young—did gather, among whom were recognized the old reliable Uncle Lew Head, and Brother Van Black. Where were you, Brother Robert Scott?—PICKER.

will soon be well. Lieutenant Piper, when the Lord has sent to roll on the chariot here, is holding on bravely, doing her best to bring souls to God. Look out for news in future.—MILLIE CARTER for Captain BROADBENT.

PORT WILLIAM.

WAR DECLARED.—We are still pressing forward in the war for the destruction of the devil and his allies, we are totally routed from this town. In the Sunday evening meeting the Spirit of God brought conviction to several but none would surrender. May the Spirit of God strive with them until they accept of the mercy of a kind and loving Saviour.—WALKER.

PICTON.

WHERE TWO WERE MADE ONE.—It seems like home to get back to an old appointment especially a successful one, also to the people where you were married. Thursday, a well-attended meeting; Saturday night, an edition with four at the penitent-st. form. Sunday, a day, immense crowds of old and new friends. The income was increased for the week above \$15 above the ordinary. Besides this the inside friends and soldiers gave us our usual expense from Hamilton to Pleton and return. Good again.—PICKER.

SLUDGE-HAMMER BLOWS At Worldly Religion.

BY AUXILIARY WHITAKER.

"Ory aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and shew my people their transgressions, and the house of Jacob their sins."—ISAIAH IV:11.

The other day while in conversation with a gentleman, a leading member of one of our principal churches, the subject of worldliness among professing Christians was introduced, and among other things he said he attributed most of it to the lack of plain dealing and straight talking. They might go to the theatre, ball room, and other places of amusement, and follow all the ridiculous fashions and were never told it was wrong. No matter what the leaders of the people are, and no matter what they fail to do that is no reason for men and women going astray. They have the open Bible, and that is as plain as God could make it. "What can be plainer than the following?" "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." Again, "Come out from among them and be ye separate," saith the Lord. Again, "...however, therefore, with a spirit of the world is the enemy of God." And again, "If any man loves the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father but of the world." But notwithstanding their responsibility to God and His Word, it seems next to impossible to get men and women to

Rise Higher Than Their Leaders.

Oh, what need then for men and women who will cry aloud and spare no one, but tell the Scribes and Pharisees of the present day of their sins. This command is not only given to ministers and Salvation Army officers but to every man and woman who has turned upon himself or herself the name of Christian.

In my relation with the Salvation Army and my experience in dealing with the converts, I have been very much impressed with the number I meet, who tell me, "they don't believe there is anything in religion." When pressed for a reason the answer generally is, "There is no difference between the Christians I know and the worldly people; they draw the same, keep the same company, enjoy the same sports and games, just as quick to take advantage in a bargain, and not as willing to help in time of need as others." That it is true is sad, and it is sad that it is true, and it is this that is driving men and women to infidelity, more especially our young people. It never was and

Never Will be Popular

to tell men and women who profess to be Christians of their sins and that they are to be beaten, the husband or husband in the sight of God. It was that that made the Scribes and Pharisees crucify Christ. It was that that made them stone Stephen, and it will make them hate you, but for the sake of their immortal souls, for the sake of Christ and His kingdom, and for the sake of those you are leading either to heaven or hell, let me beseech you, as one who feels his own responsibility, to hold back your sword from blood no longer, but cry aloud, "Spare not," and though you may meet with Stephen's death it will pay you better in the end than to go with the worldly professor and at last wake up in hell. Ministers of Christ, you will meet your members at the bar of God. Officers of the Salvation Army, you will meet your soldiers there. Sabbath School teacher, you will meet your class there. Fathers and mothers, you will meet your children there. Brothers and sisters, you will meet each other there, and will they have to say to you, "Had you taught me better, by both precept and practice, I would not be cast out?" And you who are

Following the World

and expecting to get to heaven, you are simply expecting an impossibility. What will it profit you if you gain the whole world, all its amusements, all its flattery, all its gold, and all its honor, and at last lose your own soul?

"I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from the evil. They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world. Sanctify them through Thy truth. Thy word is truth."—JOHN XVII: 15 17.

'CAPTAIN! If you have not received sufficient printed matter and collecting cards for the HARVEST FESTIVAL effort apply to the Financial Secretary at Territorial Headquarters.

Pugwash, N. S.—BANQUETING! Recently we had with us Ensign Mrs. Creighton and Captain Prince from Springfield, also some of the soldiers and Captain Heister from Stellarton. We had a good time. Grand banquet and jubilee at eight, and I tell you the people of Pugwash know just how to help, too. God bless you and save these that are in sin—Captain DALEW.

PETROLEA.

GLEN RAE. A VILLAGE OF BOLTS AND BARNUM-HEADS. **BRING ON HIS KNEES BROUGHT HIS WIFE.**—Glen Rae is a village noted for the number of stove bolts and barrel-heads turned out in the year. Brother and Sister Lucas, who have been stumped, Salvations, live here, and we go in for a camp meeting for three days. Willing hands helped with the work of getting lumber, etc., for platform, seats, etc., and about eight p.m. on Saturday night we begin. A good crowd assembled, and we had a splendid beginning. Keg-drill was rather poorly attended as many of the people are farmers, and they preferred to come at 10:30. The holiness meeting was a time when the Spirit carried the truth to the hearts of the people, and many of them were stirred. Three p.m. a great crowd gathered, and much liberty and freedom was enjoyed. Testimonies and song came thick and fast, followed by a good prayer meeting, in which

TWO SISTERS BOUGHT SALVATION.

The night meeting was indescribable. The heat of salvation was given; the Spirit had a chance to work, and many were written vividly on many countenances. One man rose up and went out, but came back and fell on his knees and cried to God to save him. The team flared, the soldiers shouted, the angels came over, and the Spirit brought a pardon for twenty-five years of backsliding. Oh, what rejoicing! Oh, what liberty! Oh, what gladness! The old saints got warmed up so that one woman rushed up and kissed her brother, while the team ran down her cheeks, tears of joy and thanksgiving, for there seemed no other way of giving expression to the feelings of the heart.

Monday night found another splendid crowd and God's Spirit in the midst. One sister prayed for the restoration of her husband, while another precious soul sought and

OWEN SOUND.

TOUGH FIGHTING.—Writing a report for the War Cry is rather a hard matter when the War Cry are so hard to report. Sinners are so hardened that it seems impossible to get hold of them. Oh, that God would let a wave of salvation sweep over this town and bring some of the careless ones to Himself!

We had a visit from Captain Ed. Lee. His old friends were glad to see him. He faithfully warned these people in that Sunday night meeting still none would come to the Lamb of God. What a judgment their will be!—Mrs. J. Stevenson, G. C.

For thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel, The daughter of Babylon is like a threshingfloor; it is time to thresh her; yet a little while and the time of her harvest shall come.—Jeremiah 11: 33.

Scilly Cove, Newfoundland. — "GOD-TURNED SOULS AND HEARTS FILLED."

Many have been the partings since last I wrote to you. Some of our soldiers have left

for the banks, and more, for all the summer season.

On the 10th of June, Sergeant-Major, with five more of the comrades farewell for the Straits. Some left a while before them. We can say that their fare-well was a blessed one. God thrilled our souls and filled our hearts with joy by saving one poor backslider. This we all felt it was a good feast. Talk about getting salary! Why, there is no payment seems so good as to see a soul saved. She is blood-and-fire; I do believe she will be a real Salvation Army soldier. Hallelujah!

In the afternoon, a beautiful little open-air was held up on a high rock, where from us

Sinner, poor sinner, the Judgment is on, and a wonderful day for you if you go to the bar removed. Oh, don't stay over, come in the fold, the grass is green. Don't stay on the road that will lead you to hell. Come, poor sinner, when you are on that road you are in danger of going to the very pit.

Sister, beware of thyself; it's no good to cry when all hope for thee is gone, and the flames of hell around thee. Ah, poor sinner, come to Jesus, get washed in the blood that takes away all sin.

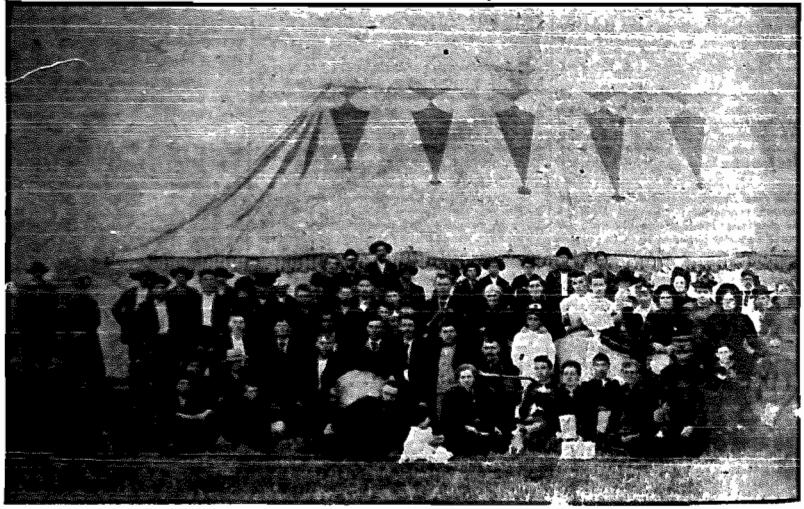
I am sure our beautiful War Cry will take these few words to thousands of our War Cry readers which I have not, nor ever shall, nor speak about salvation; but as a sister that loves your soul, I will say all you come to Jesus.

Everybody has got to die, and most all seem to be telling so hard for the body, which some day will go to the dust of the earth, often forgetting about the soul that Christ died for.

When I was half-blind and not able to see owing to the things of this world I thought if no one would look after me when I was dead it should be done before I die. One thing used to often trouble my mind, and that was how to have a headstone to my grave.

Now, I was getting good pay at this time, living in a large cottage with high fence from Scotland, getting from six to eight dollars a month. I was there over three years. It's too long to tell you all, so to make a long story short I will cut it off, for may be the dear War Cry won't take it.

Twenty-five dollars for a headstone. This was put away by itself, and before I was a soldier in the Salvation Army you may sing me a good song before I would spend one cent of that. But since I became a soldier in the Army it soon went for the officers; and after another got it all. Thank God, he gave me good eye-sight. The twenty-five dollars was nothing to me. God gave me to see the



GLEN RAE CAMP.—Ensign Clark and his Noble Warriors add another to the Series of Successful Camp Meetings held this Season.

found deliverance at the mercy-seat. The brother who got saved on Sunday night brought his wife to the meeting and dealt and prayed with her till she surrendered and came out and cried to God to save her. Oh, how happy that home was made! The husband is about seventy-eight years of age and served God for six years, but had company led him astray, and for twenty-five years he has been living on the hooks, not joy come, and he is now happy in the Lord.

If the meetings could have been continued for another week many souls no doubt would be saved. Captain Clark, Jr., who has been laid aside for some time, but who is much better, helped greatly to make the meetings a success, as did the Lucas family, Sister Wallace and Brother Hollingshead. The Lord reward them for all their efforts.—Ensign R. CLARK.

MORRISBURG.

BLESSED IN A SALOON AND SOLD SIX CARS.—We are rolling on. We had only three War Cries left for Sunday's meetings. A group of men were standing in one hotel when Captain Ober entered with the Cries.

"I'll start it off, and say, 'God bless her on the road,'" said one, at the same time buying a Crie and taking a drink. It proved a good start, for she sold six before leaving the hotel.

We sold our regular number of *All the World* all in one meeting, it being the special Jubilee number.

On Sunday night two men held up their hands for prayer, but would not then yield to the Spirit's stirrings. We are believing for a spiritual earthquake that will shake the foundations of the hard-hearted and indifferent people in Morrisburg.—Wm. W. Lawrence,

the wind carried the sound to most all the people of our little town. At seven was a farewell meeting from Cadet William Domay, who has been a good faithful soldier in the corps—one who has, and will be missed for a long time. The meeting was a grand one, many a tear was shed, the comrades all speaking of the help and blessing that Cadet has proved to them since he has been saved. The testimonies were heart-searching as they were given one after another. Everyone that spoke good words, were given to help and cheer him, who was to be given to all he had known and loved. One of his comrades said:

"I am glad that God is sending out so many ministers from Solly Coe corps."

As he went on with words of cheer, I felt it real good myself to be present. His own brother—Little Johnny—got up and told how glad he was that God had done so much for him, and: "I am also glad that God has done so much for my brother, and as he is now going to leave us, and going out to work for God, I hope the Lord will give him twenty thousand souls."

Father George Donney shouted out, "That's too much, Johnny; that's too much!"

"No!" shouts Father William Read, "That's not one bit too much," as he was standing to get his chair to have something to say about it. After a portion of God's Word was read, the Cadet knelled. We believe many a heart was touched. In the prayer meeting one came out and cried for Jesus.

Since coming here to Solly Cove, four have left for the field. May they all be names of fire in the hands of God, to be used in bringing many souls to Jesus.

headstone was no good to my grave if my soul was not in heaven.

I can say I have got one eye single to the glory of God, and I can see clearly.

Therefore saith He unto them, The harvest truly is great but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He would send forth laborers into His harvest.—Luke x. 2.

Thedford Corps means victory.—Was Cries all sold out on Saturday, Sunday, seven a.m., we took for our whatever for the day, "To the uttermost He saves" sang it in faith. In holiness meeting a precious soul

after a struggle

surrendered, ventured his all on God, and proved that the sins of years had been washed away. Hallelujah. Devil defeated and victory won. God's power fails all day, but compelled to close the night meeting on the same lines of the lesson that was read. "And I called you but ye answered not."—John 14: 14.

KERRATA.

Prescott.—WHY you kindly correct the mistakes in the War Cry report of the 11th meeting, the heading of "A Series of War Meetings," which was as follows: "Mrs. Tracy was the first to give herself to God," what should be, "Sister Watson, Mrs. Tracy's sister," and oblige, young in His

Chaplain W. H. Durrance.

FISH COLLECTION.

Many Souls and Happy Hearts.

TRINITY BAY DISTRICT.

After being in St. Johns having a little council together and seeing the Naval Brigade commandant we leave on Saturday morning by train for Dildo and Brand Cove. We had a slow time, and just before we came to our destination a gentleman came down to the end of the car, where Mrs. Freeman and myself were and made inquiries as to where we were going, and apparently he appreciated our work, as he gave me a \$2 bill.

When we got to the station we met three or four soldiers who had come to take our baggage out to Dildo. Mrs. Freeman and myself intended walking, but some kind friend took Mrs. Freeman up in his carriage. Truly, we can say, "The Lord will provide."

The Captain and Lieutenant were under

Farewell Orders

and the people did not like it, and they pitched into me for taking them away.

Captain Bradbury and Lieutenant were here doing a good work at Dildo and New Harbor. We spent three days at this place and we feel like saying if you want a good time, and to see a lot of blood and fire soldiers you had better come this way.

"We'll have no fish this summer." So said some people, because the Army was there. But they were false prophets, for this summer's fishing has been the best for ten years. Go on, comrades, and you'll get the fish all right, souls, too, if you live right and keep to first principles.

Our Sunday morning holiness meeting was a blessed one, when some ten came forward, some for pardon and others for cleansing, as we finished up with a halibut dinner. In the afternoon we had an open-air meeting and also a meeting inside. In the lodge at New Harbor a good time was spent, but night was the crowning time, the building was packed. We had our meeting at the close of the reform service, which was led by the Rev. Mr. Howard. The spirit of God was felt right through the meeting, and as we were singing a chorus in the testimony meeting one young lad left his seat and said and then laid down at the mercy-seat and cried to God to have mercy upon him, and he was not disengaged, for a short time he could arise and tell to all that God had pardoned his sins. We continued the meeting, and at the close we could rejoice over seven souls turning unto God. One dear woman, who for a long time had been trying to get to heaven in her own way, said that now she was going there in God's way.

We closed the day's meetings praising God for the victory He had given us.

Now, to get to Heart's Content we have to drive a distance of twenty-five miles, and it will cost some money to get there, and the general cry is, "We've no money," and the best bet to do is to make a collection of fish and then sell it and get cash for it. This was proposed, and the soldiers took hold of it. Two soldiers went around in Dildo, and two in New Harbor, and what they both collected we sold for \$10. May God bless the kind friends who helped us so liberally.

Monday night we had a public enrollment, and five more were sworn in as soldiers to fight for God in the Army. Captain Morris, who is to take Captain Bradbury's place, was at this meeting, and we believe she is the proper one for Dildo.

Secretary Underhead, from Heart's Content, came up with a horse and carriage to take us down on Tuesday morning we left. We passed through Great Harbor, and had some refreshments at Mrs. Bruce's, and then at Great Harbor we met Miss Judy Jones, who believes in praying God at all times; and the next place we got up at was Heart's Delight.

We had something to eat, and so we started again for Heart's Content, and while going up a hill, some of the horses slipped and the delayed us, and just about six o'clock we arrived at our destination. This is Lieutenant Longy's home; we spent two days here. Captain Bradbury is to lead on the forces here for the next few months, and we believe the comrades will rally around her. The first night we were here, one poor backslider came to the pentecostal form, and sobbed and cried for mercy, and she said that God had forgiven her.

Scilly Cove is our next place, and we spent two nights here. We had very good meetings, and God spoke to some hearts, but the devil of not-to-night was there as usual. We had a fish collection to pay travelling, but they did not do so well as Dildo, they only gave \$1.35 worth; perhaps they will do better the next time.

Our next place is Heart's Harbor, what we call home. We arrived here on Saturday, and found Lieutenant Winsor well after fighting along for over a month. While we were away, a young man and young woman were laid together in the sod. They passed away happy in Jesus.

At present time we are busy getting ready to change head-quarters from Heart's Harbor to Ormerside. The people are very thin here about the fish, and that makes our crowd small. Lieutenant Longy has arrived, who, with Lieutenant Winsor, is going to do their best to win Heart's Harbor for Jesus. We are all keeping well in our own souls.

George H. Freeman.

The Waters are Troubled.

Words and music by MAJOR F. W. FRY.

Moderato, m.

The An-ge- l to the pool has come, The wa-ters are trou-bled
Step in, poor sin-ner, for you there's room, The wa-ters, &c.

mf. Cuckoo. Allegro.

now. The An-ge- l has trou-bled the wa-ters, Has
trot-ted the wa-ters for these : Then plun-go in the Fountain, poor
wa-ters, for these :
cres.

sin-ner, The Fountain that's flow-ing so free.

Though you for years have lived in sin,
The wa-ters are trou-bled now ;
There's par-don for you if you'll plun-go in,
The wa-ters are trou-bled now.

Though you have spurned Him to His face,
The wa-ters are trou-bled now ;
Still Jesus offers you His grace,
The wa-ters are trou-bled now.

Though from the Narrow Way you've gone,
The wa-ters are trou-bled now ;
In love He calls the wa-ter's home,
The wa-ters are trou-bled now.

Halfax I. — "WEARY AT HEART, COME HOME." — On Monday night, a brother who had wandered from the fold, returned, and the blessed Lord took him in. The hot weather keeps the crowd away from the hall considerably, but we have large crowds in the open-air, and the Lord seems to眷 our meetings. They help us in the collections and buy a good many War Cure from us, and on Sunday night one soul sought mercy. — Sergeant-Major CANNON.

Proveth her meat in the summer
and gathereth her food in the harvest. — Proverbs vi. 6.

Fredericton, N. B. — THE RED-HOT LOR. — Some are getting saved and Christians are multiplied. These souls have sought and found salvation this week. Our Sunday morning holiness meeting was one of power. Two souls found homes, and were delivered for many more. We are going in for red-hot, genuine devil-defeating, God-purifying, soul-saving trials. — EDGAR WHITE, for Capt. DRAKE.

WHILE THE EARTH REMAINETH seed-time, and harvest, and cold, and heat, and summer, and winter, and day, and night shall not cease. — Genesis viii. 22.

SUMMERSIDE, P. E. I. — EDGAR HARVEY TOUCHING HEARTS AND FOLKES — We are moving forward slowly but surely, believing that the tide of interest will soon rise. A beautiful time on Tuesday night. Edgar Harvey with Halifax band, also Edgar Hagen and other special bands helped to make the meeting very interesting. Edgar Harvey spoke on the Rescue Work, opening people's hearts and pockets. A wise man was realized for that branch of the work. — Capt. PARRY.

And pluckens to take away and fay out of the pleasant field, and in the vineyards there shall be no singeing, neither shall there be shooting: the trowers shall tread out no wine in their presses: I have made their vintage shooting to cease. — Isaacs xvii. 10.

ST. JOHN TRAINING GARRISON. — I have in Training Garrison two days, and can praise Jesus for His blessed smile and presence. I have come determined to work for God and precious souls, and already feel that victory is mine through Jesus. God has planted in my soul a great burning love to win precious

LOST FRIENDS' COLUMN.

To the Distressed.

The Salvation Army invites friends, relatives and friends, in any part of the world, interested in any woman or girl who is known or feared to be living in immorality, or is in danger of coming under the control of any evil influence. Friends, relatives and others, with names, dates and addresses of all concerned, and, if possible, a photograph of the person in whom the interest is taken.

We shall charge 10 cents for two advertisements (one dollar for one) of not more than five lines each. One dollar will be charged for anything above this and not exceeding ten lines. This is necessary to pay expenses of time and printing.

We are prepared to receive inquiries from any person. The filled pencil postcard should always be given in correspondence relating to these inquiries. The postcard should be filled in and sent to the Salvation Army, 150 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ontario.

All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential and must be addressed to H. R. Roome, Com-mandant, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, with the word "Confidential" on the corner of the envelope.

Note: Don't forget that the sum of fifty cents must be sent with each case before it can be dealt with. This will serve as much trouble.

Persons seeking help will kindly remember to keep us posted of the event of changing their address. This is most important.

187. GLOVER, CHARLIE. Left his home on June 6th and went west. Wore black hat, grey pants, grey coat, and brown coat age 18 years. Information leading to his whereabouts will be rewarded by William Glover, Campbellton, N.B.

188. GLOVER, JOHN. Left head of about three years ago. Was then working in a Toronto piano factory. His brother George is anxious. Address 102 Broad Street, Toronto.

189. MURRAY, JAMES. Native of Edinburgh, Scotland. Age 23. Left Glasgow in 1895 for Winnipeg, Man., and worked in Brunswick Hotel. Went to work in Hotel in Brandon, Man., in 1896. Any information leading to his whereabouts will be rewarded by his brother, W. D. Murray, c/o D. O'Connell, Chatham, Ont.

190. LAMBERT, PATRICK A. Left his home in 1895. Last heard from in Chicago. Age 44, stout, dark hair, blue eyes. Wishes him to return to London, Ont. Address Mrs. Annie Lambert, Lambert, 1895. Where England worked at Ratcliffe's cabinet makers, Old St., London. Friends are anxious.

191. MCKEEHAN, ALFRED. Age 20, 5' 7". complexion, tall, mustache and whiskers. Wishes to have gone to Canada with a man named Jim Atkinson, Baster, 1895. Where England worked at Ratcliffe's cabinet makers, Old St., London. Friends are anxious.

192. PENNY, ISAAC. JAMES. Left home at 1895. Last heard from in Chicago. Age 44, stout, dark hair, blue eyes. Wishes him to return to Montreal. When in England worked at the Tin Plate Works. Age 20, fair, thin, rather tall. Anyone having any information please address 261 Victoria St., Toronto.

193. WRIGHT, THOMAS. HENRY. Age 53, brown hair, blue eyes, 5' 7" feet. French-Canadian. Owned half-business at Palace St., Toronto. Last known address: Caughnawaga in Prairie, Man. His sister enquires.

194. MAXTER, JOHN THOMAS. Married and left London, England, nearly five years ago. Was in China, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, Townsville, Queensland, Australia, for about 10 years. His brother, James Walter, enquires. Australian Ory place copy.

195. BOWERS, AL. Left his home in Port Perry, last heard from two years ago. Supposed to be in the United States. Wishes him to return to Port Perry. Last left home in 1895. His friends in Port Perry are very anxious to hear from him. Anyone having any news please write to 210 Wilton Avenue or 261 Victoria Street, Toronto.

196. MORDEN, MARIA. — A BARNLEY-STUPP ROLL: OH! IN A VISION THE LORD TOLD HIM TO JOIN THE ARMY. — A Christian friend of mine made the remark, that when he had barley and syrup, he could fairly "roll him self" in it, he liked it so well. Well, if such a remark is not allowable to civilized minds, it might be permitted in a spiritual sense to our "rolling in joy" at our camp meeting at Pembina. We had just returned a short while when the winter's hay came on our minds. The next thing to do was to see these farmers. Mr. Johnson, a friend of ours, promised us all the hay we needed. We offered our services on the meadow, so we made hay and praised God as well. I drove around one afternoon some four or five miles attending a night's meeting at our camp. Followed on a trail, it was rainy lightly, came on another well-beaten road, followed to the south, met with a house, told the woman in the garden I was coming in out of the rain. When just about to leave, she says, "You better see Mr. — he is at the hay, he is interested in the Army."

So I waited. He was an old man of fifty, never married. He had been praying to the Lord for guidance as to when he should go that day. In a vision the Lord spoke to him to join the Army. After all did not open his mind. God wanted him for Morden. He walked back again. Finally he believed God sent me. After learning from the next friend that I had in my mind set the switch pole where the north is at present, I followed back on my trail, and the old gentleman as well. He spoke his desire to become a soldier, and follow on the track, after the devil. We are busy as well at our barns, painting it in side and out. Glory to God.

We had two souls Sunday morning, and marched in the afternoon. We give God all the glory.

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The GENERAL commences his Jubilee Campaigns, on this side the Globe, at St. Johns, Newfoundland

NOTE THE DATE :

SEPT. 18th or 19th.

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- THE -

GENERAL

At ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND.

The Great Harvest Festival Effort,

CANADA :

SEPTEMBER 1st, 2nd, and 3rd.

NEWFOUNDLAND :

SEPT. 29th, 30th, and OCT. 1st.

"OH COME, LET US SING UNTO THE LORD."

"Let us heartily rejoice in the God of our salvation."

TUNE—We're marching on to war. (B. B. 54.
S. M. II. 10.)

1 We are the Calgary handboys,
Our sins are washed away,
We're trying to save others,
That's why we march and play;
To God and to the Army
We ever will be true,
While o'er us waves the banner
Of the yellow, red and blue.

CHORUS.

We're marching on to war, etc.

We play Salvation music,
As we march along the street,
Our motto is, "Press forward,
And we never play, "Retreat;"
The devil cannot turn us
While we keep the Cross in view,
And bravely fight beneath our flag—
The yellow, red, and blue.

We dearly love our General,
And our prayer is, night and day,
That he may long be spared to us;
And when he comes this way
He'll receive a hearty welcome
From hearts both loyal and true
To God and all our leaders,
And the yellow, red, and blue.

God bless the dear Commandant,
God bless his loving wife!
To have such noble leaders
Is the Army's strength and life;
God bless the dear old Wan Cvr,
It has its work to do—
Bring sinners to the Saviour
'Neath the yellow, red, and blue.
BANDSMAN ROY DOWLER, Calgary.

—
Marching to Win.

TUNE—Come, join our Army. (B. B. 14; S.
M. L. 47.)

2 The Salvation Army with banner unfurled,
Is marching to conquer, to conquer the
world;
Proclaiming the news of salvation from sin,
The Salvation Army is marching to win.

CHORUS.

Marching to win, marching to win,
The Salvation Army is marching to win;
With Christ as our Leader, and trusting in
Him.

The Salvation Army is marching to win.

The devil would tell us all labor is in vain,
To search thro' the street in the storm and
the rain;
But, soldiers of Jesus, we'll never give in,
Our marching to win we are marching to win.

Since we've been converted, we love to proclaim,
For all there is mercy in Jesus' name;
There's grace for the vilest, and freedom from
sin,
And following Jesus, we're certain to win.
T. WHITCOMB, Vancouver, B.C.

TUNE—Pour Thy Spirit. (B.J. 15; S.M.I.
150.)

3 Trust in Jesus, blessed Saviour,
Who has lived and died for thee;
Think how much He must have suffered
On that dread Mount Calvary.

CHORUS.

Come to Him with all thy sorrow,
Leave with Him thy every care;
He will bear thy every burden,
He will listen to thy prayer.

Come to Jesus, trust His promises,
Though His love you've oft transgressed,
He'll forgive and love you freely,
He will give you peace and rest.

Live for Jesus, fight for Jesus,
There's a work for you to do,
In the vineyard of your Master,
Who has done so much for you.

BRUTHER HUGH WILSON, Portage la Prairie.

—
TUNE—Hold the fort.

4 Oh, my comrades, see the nations
Still in open sin;
Up and to the rescue, soldiers,
Help some souls to win.

CHORUS.

Go and rescue men and women,
From eternal woe;
Others left their homes to save us,
Go, my comrades, go.

Souls for whom my Saviour suffered,
Will not come to God;
They are waiting for your coming,
Lead them to the Blood.

R. H. T., Norland.

TUNE—Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord. (B.B. 24; B.J. 74; S.M. I. 108.)

5 Come, ye soldiers of the Lord,
And help to save the lost;
Go, ye, 'tis from His blessed Word,
Obey Him at all cost.

CHORUS.

Oh, you must be a worker for the Lord
Or you can't reign in heaven by-and-bye.

"Go, ye," does He not mean for you
To offer for His work?
Then be resolved His will to do
And not the Cross to shirk.

H. F. LEADLEY, Dartmouth.

TUNE—Calcutta. (B.J. 29; S.M.I. 220), or,
Bread of Heaven. (B.J. 207.)

6 Lord, we gather with one purpose
That we may Thy fulness know,
That through all the inner chambers
Of our hearts Thy blood might flow.

Cleansing river, cleansing river,
Make and keep us white as snow.

Often, Lord, has human weakness
Been the p'wr that Satan used
To prevent us being holy,
And with love and zeal entice.

Holy fire, holy fire,
May our tongues by Thee be loosed.

Melt us, Lord, and mould us over,
More like Jesus we would be;
We will brave the heated furnace
If it draws us close to Thee.

Come and melt us, come and melt us,
From all self now make us free.

W.M. RITCHIE.

—
TUNE—Jesus love me.

7 Jesus keeps me every day,
Safe from sin and Satan's sway;
Keeps me in the heavenly road,
Carries all my heavy load.

CHORUS.

Yes, Jesus keeps me;
Yes, Jesus keeps me;
Yes, Jesus keeps me,
And carries all my load.

When my work on earth is done,
When my victory here is won,
I'll go home to heaven so fair,
There my robe and crown to wear.

SERGEANT SCOOD, Cornwall.

—
TUNE—Wearing of the green.

8 I am a sinner saved by grace, from Satan's ranks I came;
For many years I lived in sin, which caused me great and much pain;
But I was told of Jesus' love, Who on the Cross did die,
And left His heavenly home above for sinners such as I.

(Repeat last two lines for chorus.)

Just now for me His blood atones, and frees me from all sin,
My trust I put in Him alone, He reigns and dwells within;
The joy and peace He gives to me He will on you bestow;

If you will only let Him in you shall His mercy know.

HAPPY BILL.

TUNE—I will follow Thee, my Saviour. (B.
J., 1; S.M.II., 67.)

9 On the rock of God's salvation,
Set secure by love Divine;
Till shall fail that sure foundation,
Nought shall move this soul of mine;
Storms and tempests may alarm me,
Waves may rage, and winds may roar;
But 'tis not in them to harm me,
Fright they may, but can do none.

CHORUS.

I will follow Thee, my Saviour.
Smitten Rock, when men of slaughter
Smote Thy body with a spear,
Forth from thence flowed blood and water,
Cleaning me from guilt and fear.
Oh, that my heart may soften,
And my drooping soul revive;
By partaking free, and often
Of the stream by which I live.

Precious Stone, the Christian's treasure,
All my riches are in Thee;
Worldly wealth in fullest measure,
Cannot buy felicity.
But Thy blood has purchased heaven,
With an entrance to its joy;
Where I, freed from earthly leave,
Endless ages shall employ.

CAPTAIN W.H. WHITE.

"He that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame."—Prov. x. 5.

THE FOUR P's.

TUNE—Christ received sinful men.

Pardon Jesus gave to me,
Pardon for the past of sin;
Pardon, present, full, and free,
When in faith I came to Him.

CHORUS.

Ah! His grace amazes me,
Grace which gives me all I claim;
Pardon, peace, and purity
Now are mine thro' Jesus' name.

Peace He gave, so rich, so deep,
Peace the worldling never knows;
Peace which while His laws I keep
Like a river freely flows.

Purity from self and sin,
Purity of all that was unclean;
Purify in heart "As He is pure,
Made He me thro' crimson streams."

Power He gives me day by day,
Power to do His blessed will;
Power His foes to fight and slay,
Power defying hosts of hell.

BRIGADIER MARGARET.